

KING'S PRINCESS

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★

The New Look in Musical!



SPECIAL MATINEES TO-MORROW
KING'S 11.00 a.m.
PRINCESS 11.00 a.m.
20th Century-Fox
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS
Martin & Lewis in
"THAT'S MY BOY"

Admission: \$1.00, \$1.50

KING'S AT 9.30 P.M. MONDAY, 16th SEPT. 1957
YI-KWEI SZE (Boss-Baritone) ON THE STAGE
Admissions: \$3.50, \$6.00, \$12.80 tax inclusive.

ROXY & BROADWAY

GRAND OPENING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

BARBARA STANWYCK BARRY SULLIVAN
DEAN JAGGER JOHN ERICSON GENE BARRY
Written, Produced and Directed by SAMUEL FULLER
Revised by 20th Century-Fox

BROADWAY: 5 Shows to-morrow, Extra Performance of
"FORTY GUNS" At 12.30 p.m.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
ROXY: At 12.00 Noon BROADWAY: At 11 a.m.
Silvana Pampanini LATEST FOX
in "O. K. NERO" TECHNICAL
CARTOONS PROGRAMME
At Reduced Prices

ORIENTAL MAJESTIC

To-day: 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30
 Don't miss the explosive fun of the comedy of the year! A wonderful entertainment sparkling with laughter!



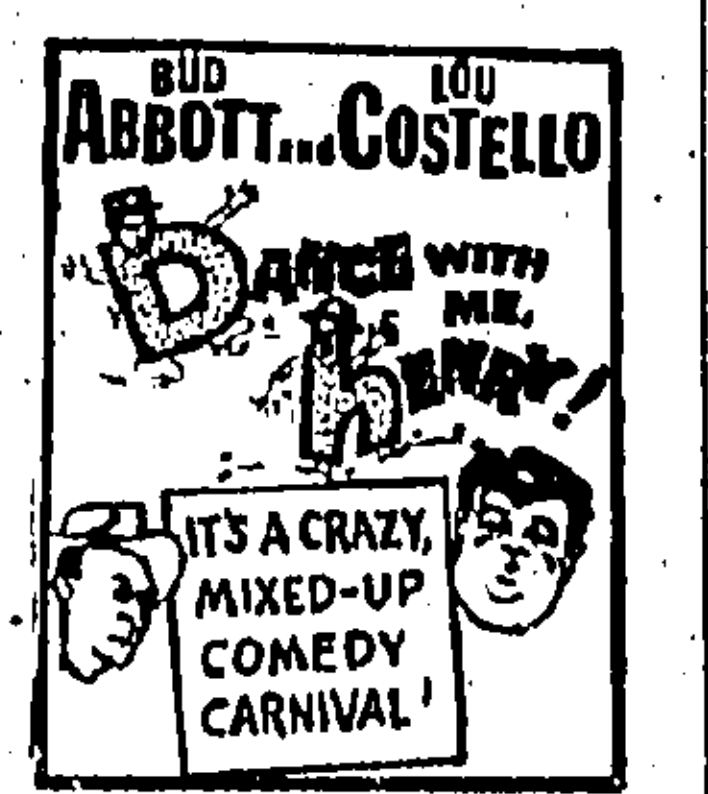
Morning Show To-morrow 12.30
"SEVEN CITIES OF GOLD"

FINAL TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-MORROW
"THE WAYWARD BUS"

CAPITOL RITZ

AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



To-morrow Morning Show At 12.30
Dean Martin & Jerry Lewis
"AT WAR WITH THE ARMY"
NEXT CHANGE
Robert Mitchum & Randolph Scott
in "GUN ROY"

SHOWING TO-DAY
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-MORROW SPECIAL SHOW
At 12.30 p.m.
"BOQUE COP"

FILMS CURRENT & COMING

by ANTHONY FULLER

Forty Guns:

I am very sorry but "An Affair to Remember" seems to be getting an affair to forget. For weeks we have been promised it, this week was certain, and now at the last minute I have been informed that the second print of the film has not yet arrived. So the Roxy and the Broadway have had to advance "Forty Guns" which was to have followed "An Affair to Remember".

"Forty Guns" released by Twentieth-Century Fox is an explosive Western drama set against the background of the Arizona Territory in the lawless days of the 1880s; starring Barbara Stanwyck and Barry Sullivan. Mr. Fuller (no relation) who has produced, directed and written the screenplay for the CinemaScope production, has Dean Jagger, John Ericson and Gene Barry in co-starring roles. The versatile motion picture maker is responsible for such motion pictures as "The Steel Helmet" and "Hell and High Water".

Forty Gunmen

The trio is not in town long before Griff, upon request of the helpless townsfolk, meets up with a young tough named Brockie (John Ericson) who, in a drunken rage, has shot the town marshal. Griff avenges the shooting, overpowers Brockie, and wheels him off to jail. It is only a matter of minutes before Jessica Drummond, Brockie's sister, and forty hired gunmen ride into town to hold an on-the-spot trial and free Brockie on a "disturbing the peace" charge. It works around to this town (and town marshal), and on his wedding day is given a present of a bullet in the back, by Brockie.

Brockie is sent to prison and is set to be hanged for West. When he makes a dramatic escape, using Jessica as a shield. Now you are all set for the fancy shooting. Well it's not so good because Griff shoots Jessica, but fortunately wounds her only slightly. He gives the remaining five bullets to Brockie. Of course, these all-up pictures don't call for analysis or criticism, they entertain some of the people all the time. What I do say is this; if you make a Western, make it in color or leave it alone.

The Turtle

True As A Turtle: The British seafaring tradition that blazed ocean routes across the world and made immortal such names as Drake, Forbisher, Raleigh, and Cook, has not perished.

"True As A Turtle", the J. Arthur Rank Production, filmed in Eastman Colour and now showing at the Star and Metropole, shows that it survives in the most unexpected places.

For instance, it lives on in the veins of a plastics manufacturer, Dudley Fairbridge, and young newly-wed Tony Hudson, whose lives are completely wrapped up in Dudley's yacht, Turtle, which was "probably launched in time to help intercept the Spanish Armada. When Tony (John Gregson) is asked to join the Turtle's crew for a trip to Dinard, he accepts joyfully. He forgets that he has promised his pretty bride June (June Thorburn) a honeymoon in Italy. Anne (Elvi Hale), a cousin of Dudley's wife, Valerie, (Avice Landless) also comes in expectation of a miniature Mediterranean cruise. This illusion is soon shattered.

German Measles

And to June, Tony's nautical instructions are not the endearments a young bride expects to hear on her honeymoon. To cap it all, an outbreak of German measles aboard necessitates June and Tony occupying separate cabins! But the girls find something to talk about. They see Harry Turville searching through Dudley's luggage. That is enough. They decide he is an international crook. More by luck than judgment, the Turtle arrives at Dinard. But the Turtle is the only one to rest. The crew find the ship needs sailing. For the harassed honeymoon couple and

the despondent Anne, France has its compensations. Jane and Tony visit the Casino where Valerie gambles heavily, and Anne makes considerable progress with the mysterious though fascinating Harry. But the worst storm is yet to come. A French official explains that the Casino had changed its style of gambling counters two years before. In chilly tones he adds that 60,000 francs' worth of obsolete counters were passed the night before. He also suggests that Fairbridge's Plascluc could have forged them.

The guilty person confesses she is responsible. Valerie, in order to keep the extent of her gambling from her husband, had secreted old counters on previous trips. This is quickly followed by another startling revelation. Harry is discovered to be a Casino spy, and is ordered off the ship by the furious Dudley. Anne defiantly announces that she wants to marry the sleuth Harry.

Humiliation

So in the midst of this domestic storm, the Turtle finds for home. As the emotional climate is matched by the weather. Down comes the fog. And that is the moment the Turtle chooses to break down completely. With her engines out of action and her antiquated pumps stopped, the ship has no alternative but to fire distress rockets.

Then comes the crowning humiliation of all. Sir Harold Brazier, Sir Dudley's business associate and seafaring rival, comes to the rescue. Worse still, Sir Harold is the owner of the Liberty, a proud plush, extravagantly equipped yacht.

As the fog closes in, the Liberty takes off the Turtle's crew, including Harry who is now a stowaway. But before Jane and Tony can leave, the Turtle drifts into the fog. On their own, the honeymooners are reconciled and Jane finds a likent seamanship. She steers with now-found skill. Tony finds himself a successful engineer, so off they sail.

Then the Liberty is in trouble. Not all her new fangled equipment can help her as she drifts helplessly, and ultimately drifts aground. Now Sir Harold is humiliated as he finds he has run into a rock pool while the Turtle has reached harbour.

And of course, romance for the newlyweds is true. "True as a Turtle" we saw more British pictures, we should see that John Gregson,

June Thorburn, and Cecil Parker are soaring to fame with that kind of picture that expresses British humour. It is foolish to say that the British cannot make a comedy. What is really meant is the British rely on the dialogue more than the Hollywood productions. Nevertheless, "True as a Turtle" is leading the way for more of this kind of picture, and is gradually paving the way for a wider appreciation of that underpinning of farce that is typically British. "True as a Turtle" is ably directed by Wendy Toye.

Revivalist

Gun Glory: Now I've seen and heard everything. Here's Hollywood breaking into the revivalist business. They have lifted "The Ninety and Nine" right out of the evangelical hymn book. As the credit titles flash upon the screen while Stewart Granger rides in the background, Burl Ives lifts this lachrymose little number. Not as Sankey sang it, full of power and passion, so that last century's sinners came weeping to the penitents' bench. Oh no! It comes over as a kind of hill-billy number. Now, I thought, sort that one out. It wasn't hard. Stewart Granger was the last sleep fading hero. The ninety and nine were safe below in the fold. Western fans will find a great deal of similarity between "Gun Glory" now showing at the Roxy and the "Lonely Man" recently shown here.

But apart from plot, the MGM's latest outdoor action drama is superior in every way. It is better acted, it is filmed in colour, and it is far more spectacular. For those who read Westerns as well as see them, the story is taken from Philip Yordan's "Man of the West". Is it a good film? It is. It's the best Western I've seen since "Shane".

Hay-Makers

Now what do the fans expect? First of all, fast gun play. All right, here it is. Granger, Granger, by Cecil Park, Hollywood tick shot expert for this business. When it came to the camera work, Granger drew so fast that the camera-man said the shot would come out blurry. Granger drew more slowly, but still too fast for the camera. They took a third camera shot, even more slowly. Granger asked, "What are you going to call this film?" "The slowest gun alive!" So the camera took it at Granger's speed. It is the fastest shot I've ever seen of the draw.

Is there a fight? There is. Or rather a brawl. Stewart Granger and Arch Johnson, put up a real one. Granger spent two days putting this shot in the can, and I am told by MGM's representative who was at the film preview that neither Granger nor Johnson missed all the hay-makers that were telegraphed their way. Now don't go dismissing the Western as merely a hack-plot. This one isn't. It takes itself very seriously. It presents the problem that millions of men have had to consider and answer according to their consciences. Is there a time when a man must fight?

The community to which Granger belonged is shown as one of those tight little Puritan sects, completely self-satisfied with their own interpretation of all ethical problems. I thought the performance of the crippled Sam (Finis Farr) played by Aubuchon, particularly fine. He puts in all the self-righteous intolerance that these people can assume, and shows all the hatred they can show and mask with words of love. Every critic is praising the performance of Steve Rowland, Granger's son, who also hates his misdeeds-steeped father. If you want my opinion, here it is. He gave me a pain in the neck. He looked to me like a Teddy-boy who has just "seen the light".

The Stampede

The great spectacle is the cattle stampede. It is simply magnificent. The greatest, I am told, that has ever been filmed. It is certainly the greatest and most authentic I have ever seen. You had better have a look at it because you won't see one again unless Hollywood buys up a two thousand herd of its own. The cattle men are paid, of course, for the use of the herd, but the going is getting too rough as the film moves closer to reality. Before I close, I want to tell you about another part I enjoyed. The preacher is taken by Chill Wills. It is a lovely performance because he plays the part as a man like to

Imagine a preacher would behave when his village is threatened. He sincerely believes that prayer and good common sense will stop the bad men. His mortification when he finds that evil can be stopped only by a taste of its own medicine is really good. I haven't said much about the feminine role. It's there. But we Western fans go to see the big stuff, and get considerably annoyed when the women try to stop the fight. And when their silliness almost causes our hero's death. But she's there. Rhonda Fleming. But how she keeps her hair so tidy, her nails so manicured, her facial so perfect, is beyond my ken. It's a good film, a very good film, they don't come better, and Gregory as Grimsel is the best baddest man I've seen in miles of celluloid.

The Zenith

The Prince and The Show Girl: "The Prince and The Show Girl" Warner Bros' Technicolor comedy starring Marilyn Monroe and Laurence Olivier, is now on show at the Queen's and Alhambra.

I think Marilyn just about reaches the zenith of her career in this production. I think also that it proves that in spite of all the ballyhoo that accompanies a picture, when you want real acting you have to go to the British stage for it. Without for one moment wishing to detract from Marilyn's performance, you can see for yourself what I mean. Alongside Sybil Thorndike, Miss Monroe is merely a Hollywood star in the presence of a great actress. "The Prince and The Show Girl" is the little given to Terence Rattigan's London hit "The Sleeping Prince", and the movie has an eager chorus girl (Marilyn) mixed up in a Ruritanian intrigue. But for the purposes of the plot, the Prince has got to be in London. So what better than to bring him there for the Coronation of King George the Fifth in 1911? For, alas, Ruritanian ceased to exist soon after that year when the First World War blasted the Balkans off the map, with all its petty spiteful kingdoms.

His Grand Ducal Highness Charles (Olivier), who is caught up in all this plot-counter-plot business, is eager for a bit of fun. So he has Marilyn around at his country's embassy. However, Marilyn is a bit of a spoilsport, but not so dumb that she does not see through his political game. This is no less than to stop a popular rising to set his own son upon the throne of Carpathia. The good acting I mentioned occurs when the Queen Dowager, Dame Sybil Thorndike, takes over. She is by no means as senile as she pretends to be, and soon sees what is going on. At the same time, she takes a liking to the Show-girl and even takes her along to the Coronation.

Fortnight

Of course, Marilyn captures everyone's hearts with her forthright manner which shows up so well against all their intrigue. The estranged son and father are reconciled and the political kingdom goes all democratic. You are even led to suspect that Miss Monroe will become Olivier's consort once things have settled down. Now plays of this kind were showing at every other London theatre from about 1900 to 1914, and Dame Sybil knows the geography of Ruritanian. Such a plot demands all an actor can give to save it from sheer farce. And it gets all Dame Sybil and Sir Laurence Olivier have. The consequence is a right rattling good show. In spite of all that, I like the way Miss Monroe fits in with the regal pair of the show business. She gives a spirited and vivacious performance which has called for high notices. Especially from those critics who are inspired by patriotic rather than historic values.

Sir Laurence, as the stuffy Prince, brings to the screen a role he created on the London stage opposite his wife Vivien Leigh. The varying moods and characterizations of the Prince's rejuvenation from a stuffy, over-political, under-loved monarch, to a giddy, love-happy, champagne-silly Prince is an acting tour-de-force. His theatrical performance could fill a book, and the praises heaped upon him from both sides of the Atlantic could easily spoil a less balanced artist. Olivier brings all that merit to this funny piece of nonsense, and what is better, the film shows good taste even in its approach to things we are very touchy about. This is due to Sir Laurence. I think you will enjoy the Coronation scenes, and the Coronation dance. And above all, those scenes between the stuffy Prince and the naive chorus girl.

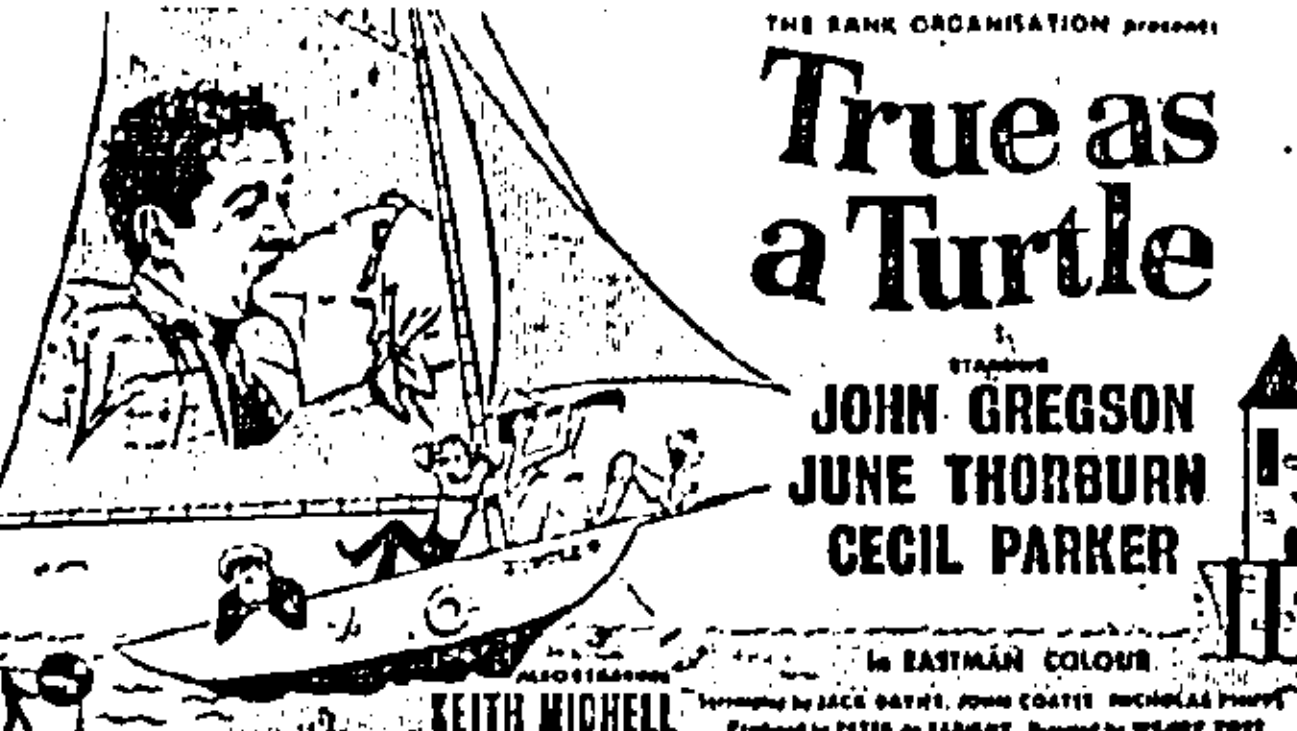
QUEEN'S & ALHAMBRA

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★



★ 5 SHOWS TO-MORROW ★
 EXTRA PERFORMANCE OF
"THE PRINCE AND THE SHOWGIRL"
QUEEN'S: AT 11.30 A.M.
ALHAMBRA: AT 11.00 A.M.

STAR THEATRE METROPOLE

★ SHOWING TO-DAY ★
AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.

TO-MORROW MORNING SHOW
STAR: At 11.00 a.m. METROPOLE: At 11.00 a.m.
FOX: M.G.M.
TECHNICOLOR CARTOONS PROGRAMME
At Reduced Prices

STAR: At 12.30 p.m. METROPOLE: At 12.30 p.m.
In CinemaScope & Color In CinemaScope & Color
Clark Gable in "THE TALL MEN" Robert Taylor in "QUENTIN DURWARD"
A Fox Picture An M.G.M. Picture
At Reduced Prices

HOOVER: LIBERTY

CAUSEWAY BAY TEL. 72371 KOWLOON TEL. 60148 60248

TO-DAY AT 2.30, 5.30, 7.30 & 9.30 P.M.



SPECIAL SUNDAY MATINEE—REDUCED ADMISSION
 LIBERTY THEATRE AT 12.00 noon
Bob Hope Hedy La Marr in "MY FAVORITE SPY"



Interesting News Stories From All Parts Of The World

IT'S AN ANIMAL'S WORLD

This Pig Slurped Champagne From Her Trough

London.
Animal-loving Britons, who gave a goat a military funeral and a turtle peaches and cream for life, rejoiced last week over Clara.

Telegraphic Tabloids

Detroit.
George Farley, 50, examined the damage and decided it was a m-i-l-i-t-a-r-y expensive deer he had killed.
Farley struck the 100-pound doe while travelling on the Willow Run Expressway. It'll cost \$300 for fixing the front fender.—United Press.

Chicago.
Policeman Anthony Gralewski, 27, started his first day on the force by showing a store-owner friend his new badge.
He made his first arrest almost immediately when the friend pointed to a third man in the store and said: "Hey, this guy's trying to hold me up."—United Press.

Manchester.
A divorce court judge here decided that Mrs Ursula Kelleher certainly was entitled to a decree of judicial separation.
She produced evidence to show that her physician husband, Dr Dermo Kelleher, communicated with her only by notes during five years of silent partnership.—United Press.

Cedar Rapids, Iowa.
Richard Kossina, 28, had a new twist when arresting officers seized him for operation of a "moonshine still" in his basement here.
"I made the stuff," Kossina said, "to mix with gasoline for my outboard motor."—United Press.

Dubuque, Iowa.
Leona Hertensen of Clinton, Iowa, was treated for multiple cuts after a visit to a dress shop.
She walked through a plate glass window, thinking it was a deer.—United Press.

Mobile, Ala.
Housebreakers who robbed Nat Berger of some \$5,000 in jewellery and bonds found it pays to start at the bottom and work your way up.
They squeezed under Berger's house, smashed their way through a concrete floor and came up under a built-in safe.—United Press.

Patrick's Night Out Hits A High Spot

London.
Suddenly there was Casey sprawled on Lichfield Cathedral roof, 70ft. up from the ground.
Sure and it was cold and dark up there, and 80-year-old Patrick could not remember how he got there, or why, or anything at all about it.
So he shouted: "Help!" and kept on shouting.
"You could hear him all over the cathedral close," said the vergers, Mr William Bee, who telephoned the police.
"He was in a most perilous position," said Canon William Parker, Archdeacon of Stafford.
"He was sprawled across a gable."

LOST HOUSE

Patrick Casey's right ankle was sprained, so firemen carried him into the cathedral through a trap-door in the roof and down the stairs.
Patrick, who lives at Cranecroft, Lichfield, with his wife and child, said: "I remember being in the town at 5.30 p.m. But I cannot remember anything more until I found myself on the roof at 9.30 p.m."
A police spokesman said: "It is a mystery. Casey was not drunk."

They Even Get Tranquillisers

London.
A British firm marketed a new tranquillizer pill which it claims will stop dogs barking and relieve nervousness, anxiety and apprehension in highly-strung animals.

The tranquillizer will calm down dogs, cats and other pets, the company said. It is being offered to veterinary surgeons with the claim that the drug does not make animals sleepy.

The chemical name for the drug is Methyl Piperidyl-Methyl-Phenothiazine.

A circular distributed by the manufacturers said the drug produces "a peaceful mental state without hypnosis, the animals remaining normally responsive to their surroundings."—United Press.

That Three Martini Lunch

New York.
Harried hawks of hot-weather harangue:

"You know what's the trouble with American business? I'll tell you what's the trouble with American business. It's the three-Martini lunch, that's what's the trouble," said the man at the bar to the bartender.

He suspended his martini glass in mid-air and continued: "I will venture the opinion that a great many business decisions in this country are made by buying that are to some degree under the influence of alcohol. And that goes for governmental decisions, too, and I mean government at all levels—local, state, and national."

"Um-hm," said the bartender. "Have another before lunch?"
"Of course," said the man, "now you take..."—United Press.

THE 'LITTLE' BROWN JUG



A huge wine-tankard in front of a wine-house has been installed by an "Ebbelwoi" (apple-wine) inn-keeper in Neu Isenburg near Frankfurt in order to attract thirsty customers. The wine-tankard holds 33,500 glasses of wine.—Keystone Photo.

DOLL HOUSE GIRL DIES

London.
ONE of the smallest women in the world, 22in. Edith Barlow, died among the fat ladies and strong men at Newcastle's Race Week.
Edith Barlow, 25 and weighing 17lb., collapsed one day and was sent to hospital, but she went back to the caravan with dolls' house furniture where she lived for seven years. "The show must go on," she said.

Said her manager, John White: "I had to be very firm and insist she rest. Otherwise she would have been in the snow with the fat lady." The other day she collapsed again. Doctors with oxygen equipment failed to pull her round.
"She was a great little trouper and her death has hit everyone," said Mr White. Edith Barlow, the third of the show people to die since the fair began.

Ossie The Tortoise Inherits £100 For Her Weekly Bath

London.
The richest tortoise in the world faced life with a solid, tortoiselike calm last week.

EVERYONE WAS CHASING ONE ANOTHER

Duluth, Minn.
Dick Raiken can tell you today almost what it means to have a bear by the tail.

Raiken owns the Sawbill Lodge, which is nestled in the Superior National Forest some 100 miles northwest of here. Last week he heard a loud racket coming from his parking lot, and hurried out to investigate.

THE MOTHER

There he saw his pet cocker spaniel, "Tucker," busy chasing a small bear cub around the lot. What Tucker apparently didn't realize, Raiken said, was that he in turn was being chased by the cub's 300-pound mother.

Raiken, thinking only of his pet's safety, took off after the bear with a long-handled rake. The four galloped around the parking lot, with all chasers gaining on the others. Suddenly Raiken got close enough to wallop mama bear in the back with his rake. She turned on him with a snarl, he leapt back from her swinging paw just in time. Then the chase resumed.

FLYING TACKLE

The big bear finally nabbed the yelping dog with a flying tackle. But Raiken slammed his rake down on the bear's snout "so hard," he said, "that it broke."

Just as the bear started up at Raiken, Tucker escaped from beneath her and escaped-tailed it back to the Lodge.
The startled bear gathered up her adventuresome cub and wandered back into the wilderness, nursing a sore snout.
Raiken just stood where he was and trembled.—United Press.

MONKEY BUSINESS IN THE TOMBS

New York.
For the second time in two months, a brazen suspect has walked out of a New York City Jail under another prisoner's bail.

Correction Department officials said Anthony Rosado, 18, was being held in City Prison (The Tombs) under \$10,000 bail on a robbery charge when bond was posted the other day for Anthony Asaro, 18, a burglary suspect. A guard entered the detention pen and called out Asaro's name, but he did not respond. Whereupon Rosado stepped forward, signed Asaro's name to the \$500 bail release and was freed.

DISCOVERED

A short while later, Asaro, still imprisoned, asked a guard when the wife was released. It then was discovered the wrong man had been released. Asaro, however, was permitted to leave the jail.

Last month, in a similar case, one Myron Cohen walked out of the Raymond Street Jail under \$500 bail posted by a So. Cohen. As in the latest incident, the "wrong man" stepped forward and misrepresented himself to gain freedom by merely signing a bail release.
Police are still looking for Myron Cohen.
An alarm is also out for Rosado. Correction's Commissioner Anna Kross has ordered an investigation.—United Press.

POLICE FIND ANASTASIA IN A MARSH

London.
Walthamstow police have announced: "We have found Anastasia. We have had her in protective custody for over a month."

Where was she found? On Walthamstow marshes, alone, neglected and obviously in need of care and protection. "Obviously she has been dragged from the River Lea by someone, and just thrown aside," explained a police officer.

A suicide attempt? "Hardly," said the policeman. "We think someone had looked after her in their home—then tired of her and pushed her in the river at dead of night."

How do police know it is Anastasia? "When we found her we turned her over and—there was her name, in green paint, all over her back."
What are the Police plans for her disposal? "We are hoping someone may claim her," explained one of her guards. "Otherwise we may ask the local Sea Cadets to take her away. After all the Police Station is hardly the place for a 12-foot home-made dinghy."

JUST ONE BIG ASSOCIATION

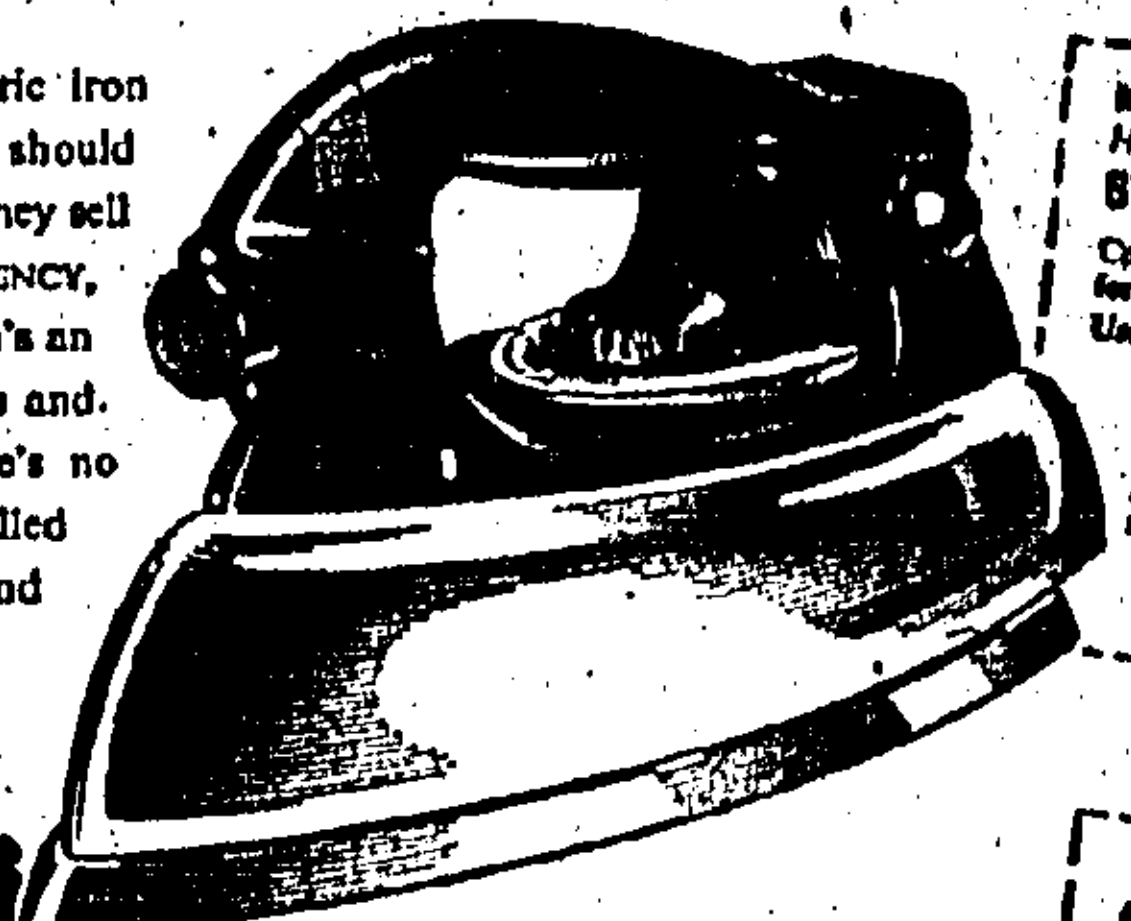
New York.
If you ever doubted that America is the world's most-organized place, a look at a directory should convince you. In the Manhattan Telephone book's long list of associations are such as:

Association of Adjustable Shoulder Strap Manufacturers, Association of Average Adjusters, Association Institute, Association for Inter-Personal Dynamics, Association of Lacodemonians, Association of Piped Buttonhole Mfrs., Association for Research and Enlightenment, Association for Protection of the Adirondacks, and Association of Uptown Converters.—United Press.

MORPHY-RICHARDS IRONS

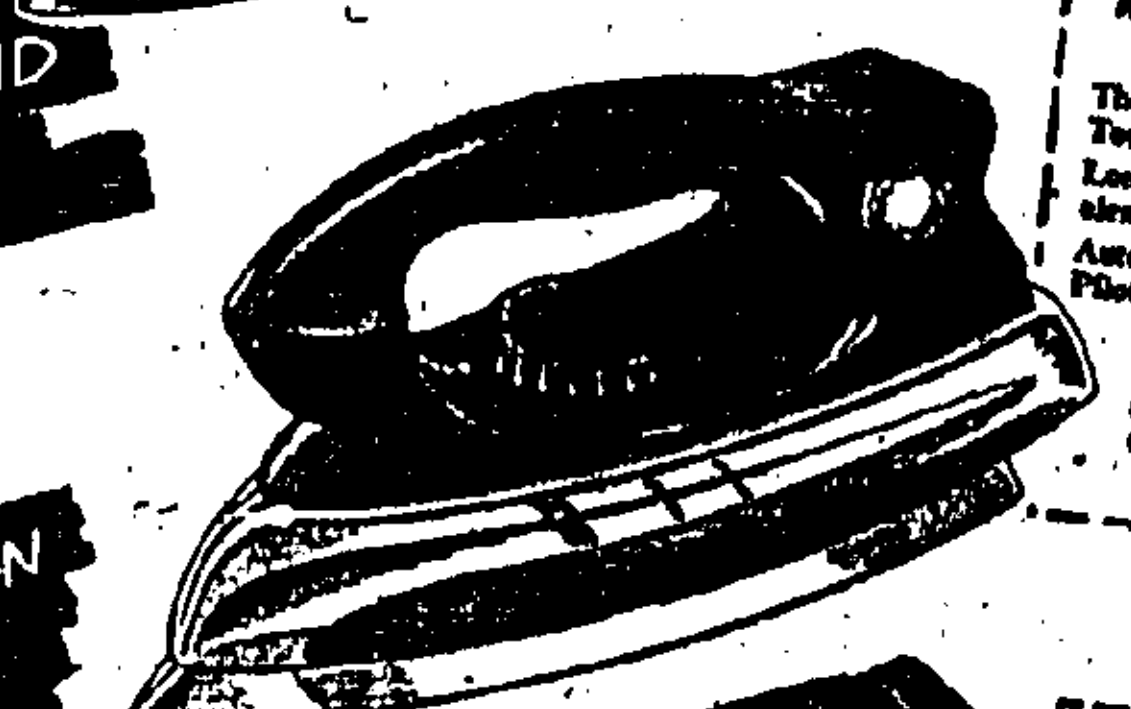
FOR EVERY PURSE AND PURPOSE

If a woman wants an electric iron there's every reason why she should choose MORPHY-RICHARDS. They sell on DESIGN, they sell on EFFICIENCY, and they sell on PRICE—there's an iron to suit everyone's means and everyone's preference. There's no finer range of Heat Controlled Irons, on the market—and everyone knows it.



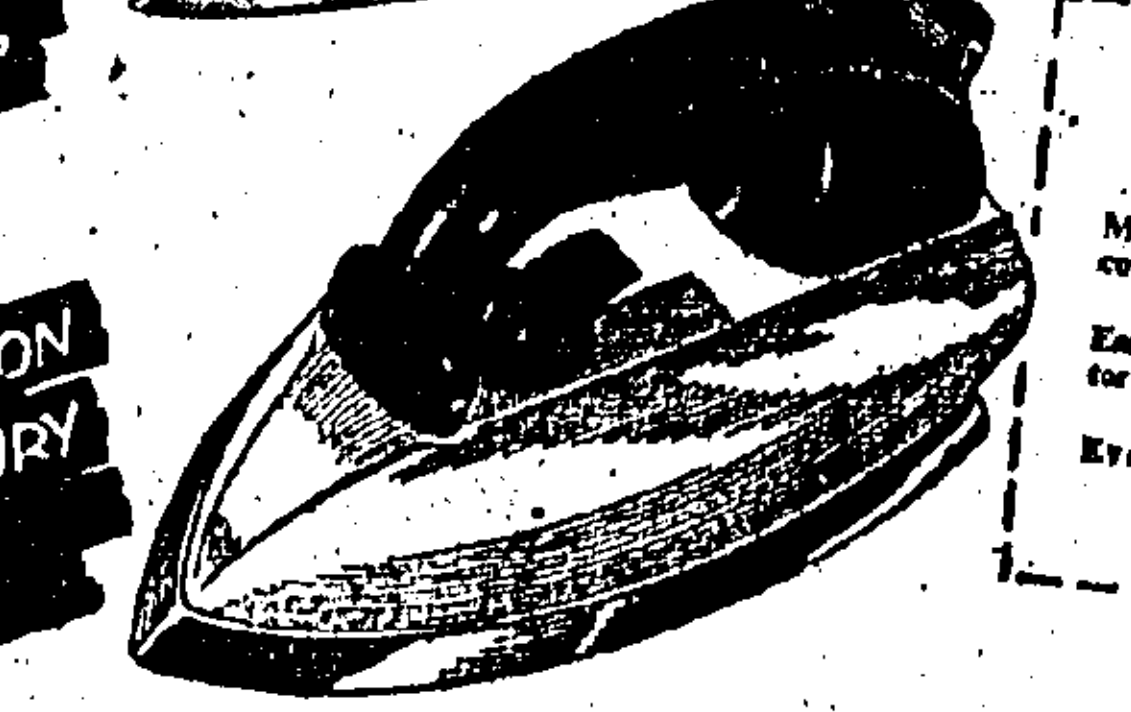
Morphy-Richards HEAT CONTROLLED STEAM & DRY IRON. Controlled Heat and Steam for every kind of fabric. Uses ordinary hot or cold tap water. Heat Controlled when dry ironing. As safe and simple to use as an ordinary iron.

STEAM IRONING AT ITS BEST AND CHEAPEST



Morphy-Richards ATLANTIC Lightweight IRON. The iron with the "Electrically Tucked" soleplate only 2 1/2 lbs. Long-life, built-in safety alarm. Automatic Heat Control and Pilot Light. No T.V. or radio interference. Removable steam entry and steam vent for left or right-handed work.

THE LIGHTWEIGHT IRON THAT HAS EVERYTHING



Morphy-Richards XENON Highweight IRON. Metal or glass soleplate covered in attractive pastel colors. Easy-to-read Pilot Light for "Dial" Light. Ever-easy, easy-grip handle.

THE EVERYDAY IRON WITH THE LUXURY LOOK

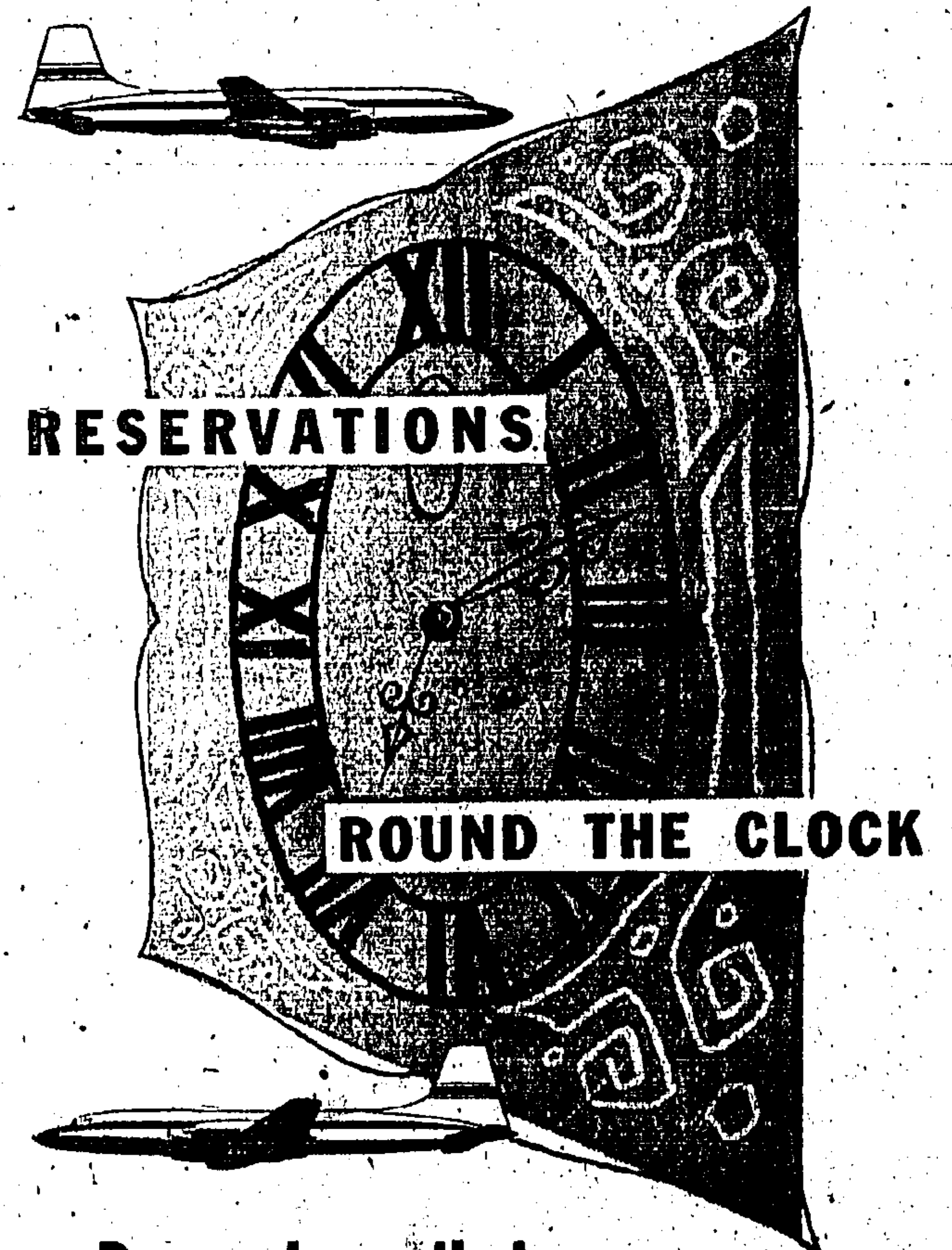
A Power for Good in the Home

MORPHY-RICHARDS LTD. 6 CONDUIT STREET LONDON W.1

Sole Agents:

SHEWAN TOMES & CO. LTD.

9-10c House Street, 4th Fl. Hongkong. Tel. 27781.



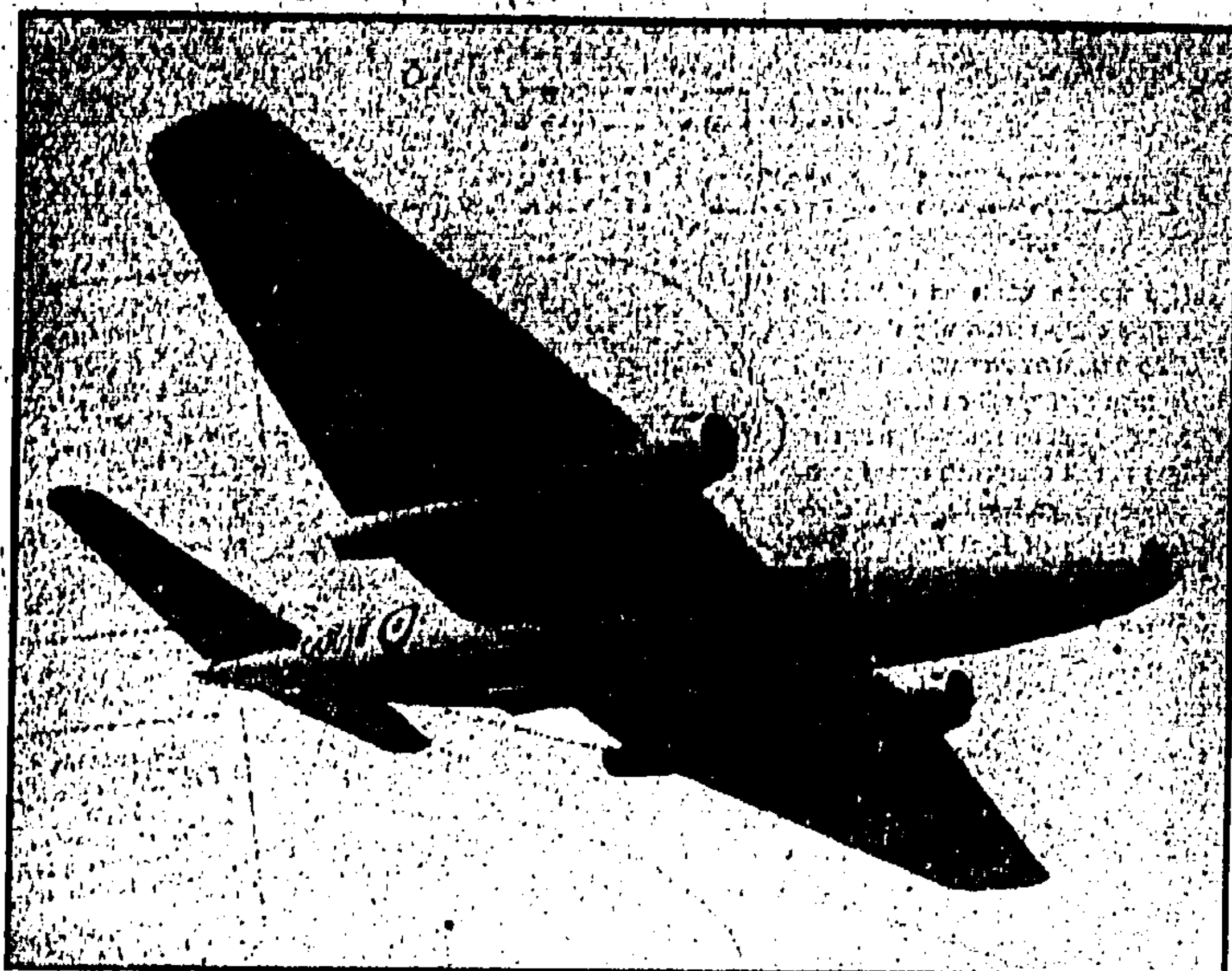
Do you know that...

Our Reservations Department is at your service 24 hours of the day. Call 63311, and book your passage with the most experienced air travel organisation in Hong Kong.

JARDINE'S AIRWAYS DEPT.

ALEXANDRA HOUSE, HONG KONG
PENINSULA HOTEL, KOWLOON

HOMESIDE PICTORIAL



ABOVE: Highest and fastest—a British Canberra beat the altitude record again taking the ceiling up to 70,000 ft. The previous ceiling was 65,872 feet—also set up by the Canberra. The picture on the right shows the men who did it—Walter Shirley (left) the navigator and pilot Michael Randrup. (Express)



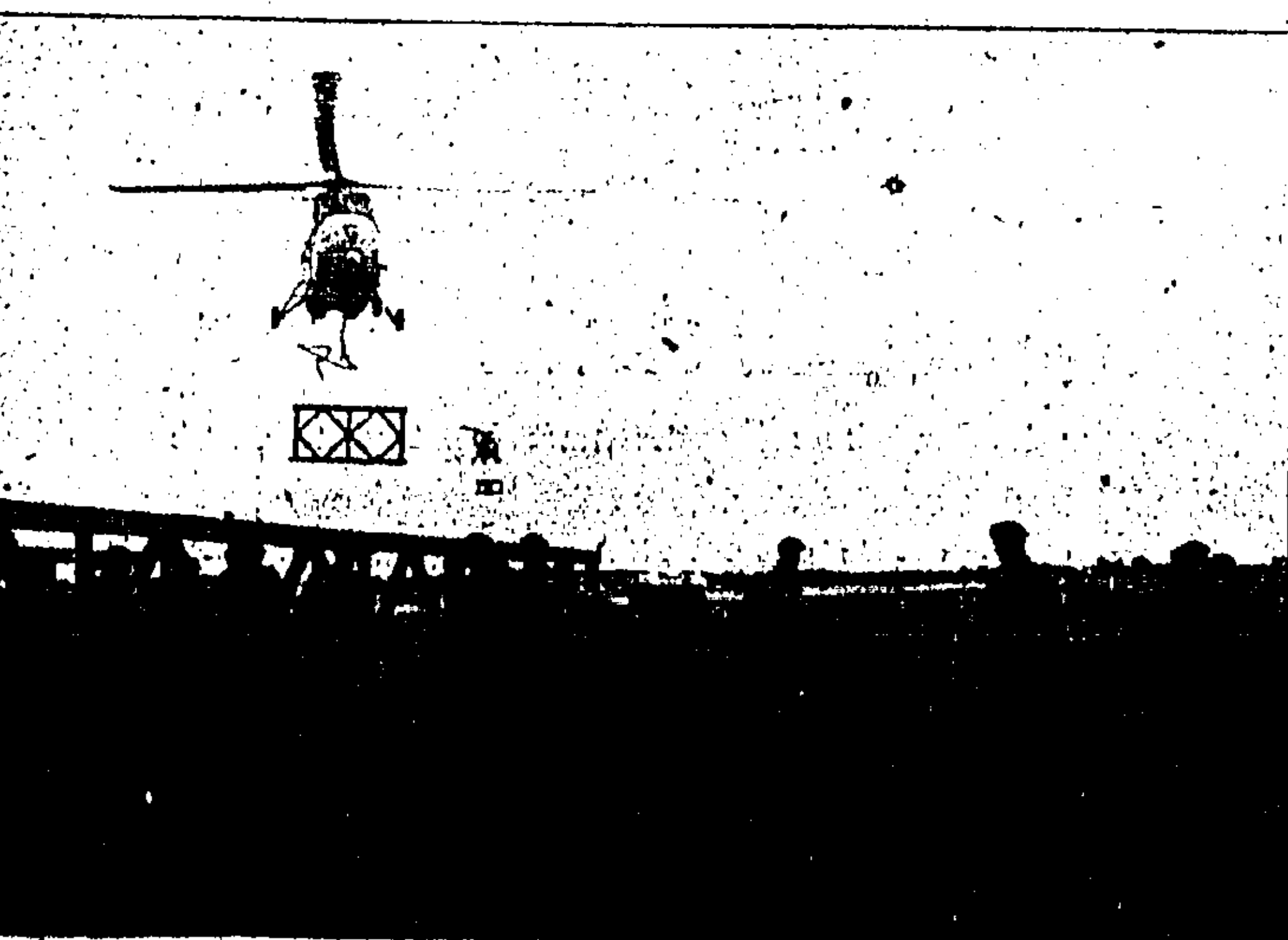
The "Winston Churchill of Basutoland" (LEFT) Chief Nkuoba Mitchell Pato (20 stone at 5ft 8ins) is an adviser and spokesman to Basutoland's woman Regent Paramount Chieftainess Ma'Ntsoe. Amelia Soalo (RIGHT). They arrived in Britain to debate the appointment of a South African, Mr A.G.T. Chaplin, as British resident Commissioner. (Express)

LEFT: What does a Scotsman wear under his kilt? "Twas on the banks of the Thames that Pat Cottage found out. Private Peter Gannon had to jump in to save a man who fell in—and he couldn't do that in a kilt. Said Pat: "I feel very proud of Peter, but I can't help blushing. The girls at the Post Office where I work will rag me for days about this." (Express)



BELOW: Part of Navy week, and the Fleet Air Arm helicopters demonstrate ways they can be useful... a portable air field that can even fly in a Bailey Bridge to the Sappers on land, should they need it. (Army News)

RIGHT: Army driver John Leo was at the top of a mile long hill in an 80ft 35 ton transporter when the compressed air brake failed. Said he: "There was a hiss of escaping air. Slowly we started to roll downhill. I told the other two to jump for it. Instead they yanked on the handbrake. Clouds of smoke started coming up because of friction. I found it difficult to see, so they had to put the brake off. Soon we were doing 60 and (See next column)



ABOVE: Walking in the garden—joint headmasters of Cheam, Mr F. P. Beck (left) and Mr M. Wheeler with Mrs Beck. It has just been announced that the fees at Cheam—the boarding school where Prince Charles will be starting as a pupil on September 23—are going up from £94 10s a term to £100 a term. Prince Charles will share a dormitory with eight or nine other boys. He will sleep on a 100-year-old wooden bed, and rest on wooden planks—no springs. And he makes the bed himself. Asked if Prince Charles would get the stick if he misbehaves, Mr Beck replied "He will be treated exactly as any other boy. But this form of chastisement is used only when other methods fail." He is to be called "Prince Charles" by the staff, and "Charles" by the other boys. There are 90 of them. (Express)

RIGHT: Juliette Greco, French existentialist singer (see page 8) and friend of Hollywood's Darryl Zanuck, announced when she flew into London "I shall never marry again." Of Darryl she said "I don't need him to live, to act. I like him very much. I have great admiration for him. The London hotel floor where she was staying was piled high with shoes. She said: "They are my sickness. I don't know how many pairs I have." (Express)



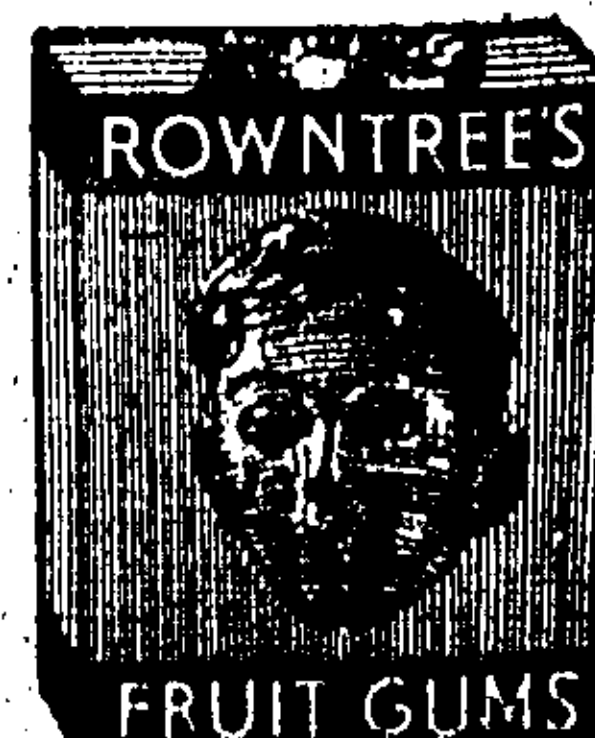
RIGHT: A pretty pioneer of the new "sack-look" walks down Bond Street through the goggling crowds. But she's happy—she's in the fashion. (Express)



* (Continued) the hill was getting steeper. At the bottom we ran through the shopping centre of Carlton. I kept my hand on the hoister. A man thought we were playing the fool. He ran out into the middle of the road and put up his hand, shouting. He suddenly realised it wasn't a game and jumped clear. Two buses loomed up. I swerved. It seemed an age before we were clear of the town. Then I saw a sharp corner with a steep incline. This would stop us if only I could get round. I pulled over the wheel and prayed. We made it. And I looked at the boys and burst out laughing. Then he got out of the cab and fainted. (Express)

NANCY

By Ernie Bushmiller



News From Britain by PETER BURGOYNE

THERE comes a point in the pursuit of individual freedom when the question has to be asked—“Where does liberty end and licence begin?”

For Britons last week this question was raised by the long-winded (three years in the making) Wolfenden report on homosexuality and prostitution.

That both vices existed on an unwholesome scale was no news to the nation.

A series of much-publicised cases had established of late that homosexuality was more prevalent in “respectable” society than many had thought.

And anyone who had ever walked through the West End of London at night knew too well the flagrancy of the prostitutes and their pimps.

The police were—and still are—virtually powerless to do anything about the regiments of street walkers who are often on their “beats” by mid-afternoon.

For prostitution, as such is not illegal in England.

Before a prostitute can be prosecuted a member of the public has to complain that he has been “molested” by her soliciting.

And even when they are hauled before the courts the severest punishment meted out is a fine of forty-shillings.

A female to a girl whose immoral earnings (taxed at 10 per cent) bear a favourable comparison with those of the magistrate who sentences her.

But it was not the Wolfenden committee's recommendation that the punishment for soliciting prostitutes should be made to suit so exercised the nation.

It was the recommendation that the laws affecting homosexuals should be liberalised.

The Wolfenden report argued, in effect, that the law should keep its nose out of the private affairs of adult homosexuals.

And it set the “age of consent” at 21.

Tooth, it recommended, should still be left to the law to deal with homosexuals who used force or corrupted youngsters.

The thirteen-strong committee headed by Sir John Wolfenden, Vice-Chancellor of Reading University, defended their controversial recommendation by saying they could find no evidence that homosexuality causes “the decay of civilisation.”

They could be right. Maybe homosexuality as such does not cause the decay of civilisations.

But they glossed over the historically demonstrable fact that what does bring down nations is the state of mind which condones unnatural vice.

The committee's one dissentient was hard-hitting lawyer James Aikman, one-time Procurator Fiscal (roughly equivalent to an American District Attorney) for Glasgow.

He was convinced that the social fabric of a nation could be undermined by granting licence to adult homosexuals.

And he spoke as a man whose career has brought him into close touch with the dirty side of life.

Now the case is before the British public. The question “Is this liberty or is it licence?” All the signs are that the British public is not ripe for this kind of “liberalism.” If, through their rulers, they accept the main recommendation of the Wolfenden report, each man and woman will have to ask if he or she is prepared to condone a sin which takes its name from the Biblical cities of the plain, destroyed for their depravity.

The Government is most unlikely to lay this burden on the nation's conscience, but it comes a safe bet that the Government will implement largely the recommendations for clearing prostitutes off the streets, but will leave the law affecting homosexuals much as it stands at the moment.

STATUS QUO

Britain's mighty Trades Union Congress has decided that for the meantime anyway it is content to remain a headstrong squabbling giant.

At its annual conference at Blackpool, the TUC rejected a bid to streamline its organisation and co-ordinate its policy on wages and related questions.

But, for the moment, inter-union rivalries and jealousies are too strong to be overcome. And on the unions are going to go right on scrambling selfishly in the economic free-for-all they accuse the Tories of having created.

The trait understanding is, of course, that if and when the Socialists return to power then the leaders of a truly united TUC would get together with the Cabinet to thrash out the nation's economic ills. Though why they should imagine that a change of government would quell their rivalries and jealousies is beyond this observer.

Footnote: One popular London newspaper greeted the Wolfenden report with the startling headline: “VICE: OFFICIAL.” Now we know.



“I suppose Tom is what you call dressed in the height of fashion.”

LONDON — Christmas — 1921. Outside, a cold December fog to dampen the most festive spirit. But inside, in the little school hall in Marylebone, rudimentary footlights shine upon a tiny stage and in the excited audience sit three of the brightest stars in the history of the theatre—Ellen Terry, doyen of the British stage, Lady Tree, and Miss (now Dame) Sybil Thorndike.

The boys of All Saints' Choir School are giving a spirited performance of “Julius Caesar.” At the final curtain they are roundly applauded and the cast lines up backstage to shake hands with Ellen Terry. She has a special embrace for the lad who has played Brutus. That night she was to write in her diary, “He is already a great actor.”

She could scarcely have known, as she wrote this high praise to 14-year-old Laurence Olivier, that he was destined to enjoy success and fame eclipsing even that of her immortal stage partner, Sir Henry Irving.

Forty years later — with Olivier at the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

At the height of his powers — the great actress's perception seems acute, but not incredible. For today, no role from high tragedy to low comedy seems beyond his range; discriminating critics hail him as the world's foremost actor, and so exalted is his name that an Olivier first night seems incomplete without a head of state in the audience.

Genius & Glamour

the Story of Sir Laurence Olivier

By ALEC HAMILTON

“ALREADY A GREAT ACTOR”

ideal in its single-minded devotion to their art. To his country he is a prime source of international prestige, to the Shakespeare-lover he is the Bard's greatest prophet, to the movie-audience he is producer, director and star of genius, to the theatre-goer he is the successor of Garrick, Kean and Irving. He is the living expression of genius and glamour.

Sweeping Rise

Olivier did not rocket to fame—although it is tempting to compare his career to this dazzling firework, the first spark struck in those early school productions, the steady, sweeping rise to complete pre-eminence, and at the height of his career the full brilliant flowering of his versatility.

But it wasn't quite like that, for in the long interval between promise and fulfilment the climb faltered and fought disaster many times.

Olivier's first obstacle took the form of the redoubtable Miss Elsie Fogarty, founder of the Central School of Speech

Training and Dramatic Art. She was a quaint old character, under her huge hat, with a queenly bearing that an occasional appearance in odd shoes and a tendency to munch apples during rehearsals could not upset. She planted her forefinger in the middle of his beaming brow and said “You have a weakness there” (which accounts for Olivier's life-long grudge in provincial repertory, and it was borne in upon him that rarely do fame and fortune come unsought and without sacrifice).

Then, in 1926, he won his first leading part in London, and his foot was firmly planted on the ladder's lowest rung. He won the lead in “Beau Geste,” supposedly the season's acting plum. To take the part he left a little-fancied war drama. It was a mistake. “Beau Geste” collapsed after only a month, while the play he had forsaken, “Journey's End,” was well on its way to becoming a classic. His foot had slipped.

Empty Bank

Two years later, in the summer of 1930, Olivier was still on the ground. He could look back easily on long, bleak, workless months, and forward, desperately, to his impending marriage on an empty bank account. He was rescued by Noel Coward, who gave him a small part in “The Most Famous of Infamous,” a modern comedy, “Private Lives.” The sleek young juvenile with the fashionable Ronald Coleman moustache was slowly beginning to climb again, and on the strength of his small role

married actress Jill Esmond that July.

Coward's play went to New York, Olivier with it. Finding himself halfway to Hollywood, he set off for the film capital under his own steam when the play ended, for the coming of talkies had put a high premium on good-looking actors with a voice to match.

Olivier wasn't the first or the last actor to get his fingers caught in the clam of Hollywood doors. He made some pot-boilers but found himself in the doldrums and fled to England. Hollywood enticed him back with a chance of playing opposite Garbo. For no reason he could think of, Garbo's attitude towards him was straight from the heart of a Swedish winter. The door slammed again, and Olivier retired, ruefully to Broadway, pursued by Garbo's melancholy assurance, “Life's a pain anyway.”

With that thought in mind Olivier shunned Hollywood completely for the next five years, despite tempting offers, and devoted himself to the stage and parts he fancied were artistically if not financially rewarding.

Vivien Leigh

By 1935 he was sufficiently established in the London theatre to alternate with John Gielgud, then Britain's reigning player, as Romeo and Mercutio in “Romeo and Juliet.” The play had its longest run since it was first presented in 1597, despite the opinions of critics, one of whom complained that Olivier “played Romeo as though he were riding a motor-bike.” Of his very popular Mercutio, Olivier himself said: “A good music-hall performance.”

Alexander Korda, the flamboyant Hungarian, was busily establishing a British film industry, and persuaded Olivier back to films with a fat contract. This was very acceptable to the young star, whose new status in the theatre hadn't saved him from losing money backing an unsuccessful play.

Korda was ready to start production on a lavish scale, and he decided to film A.E.W. Mason's Elizabethan novel “Fire Over England.” For the hero he chose Laurence Olivier, and as the heroine he cast a young actress he had put under contract after her overnight triumph in the West End the year before. Her name was Vivien Leigh.

A British Miner Finds His Niche In the U.S.
.....And Half A Million To Go Along With It.

All Work and no Play but Success is so Sweet

From RENE MacCOLL: Los Angeles

TEN years ago this man I was talking to in the blazing sunshine had just emerged from the English coal pits. At that time he had no money and no pull. All he had was ambition, energy, and the driving determination to succeed.

But today Claude S. Birtle, born in Lancashire, his youth spent near Wellingborough, Northants, and who resembles a bulldozer version of George Formby, is, at the age of 30, an extremely successful Southern Californian capitalist worth nearly half a million dollars (\$180,000).

He is one of those men who believe in constant, endless experiment and unremitting hard work.

While he was in the pits he started studying the coal-conveyor system.

After that he had a go at running a pickle factory in post-war Britain. Then, in 1944, he came to the United States “entirely on spec, and with no dough.”

The shandy

Today's Birtle, now the boss around here, acts in the industrial town of El Monte, 20 miles east of Los Angeles, sipping a brave imitation of English “shandy”—American lager beer laced with a bubbly soft drink.

The clink and thud of productive effort—of the assembly line, which is the life's blood of modern America—sounded near by. And that particular assembly line belongs to Birtle.

He said: “When I reached California, I borrowed 500 dollars (\$175) from a bank to

get started, and went to work as a labourer.

“I was watching out for the coming thing. Suddenly it looked as though TV might be it. So I went to work in a TV factory. After that I took on seven different jobs in one year.

“I used to work 70 and 80 hours a week then—and sometimes I still do now. I have never missed an hour of work since I came to this country.”

In 1952 Birtle got into the bonanza business of trailers—holiday caravans. Trailers are the fastest-growing luxury business in the U.S. after pleasure boats.

Said Birtle: “I began as a carpenter. When I left, in 1955, I was the general manager. My salary was 150 dollars (\$50) a week, plus 10 per cent of the firm's profits. But I wanted to be my own master.

“I went to a dealer and got a contract for 500 trailers to be delivered in one year. I started production by getting payment in advance on five trailers.”

Since then Birtle has played hero in a glittering success story. He now has three plants at El Monte, with a combined floor space of nearly 45,000 square feet.

The payroll

His payroll for this year is 350,000 dollars (\$120,000). He has never had a strike or any kind of labour trouble among his workers. His aim was to turn out 3,000 trailers this year—but already in the first six months he has sold 1,800.

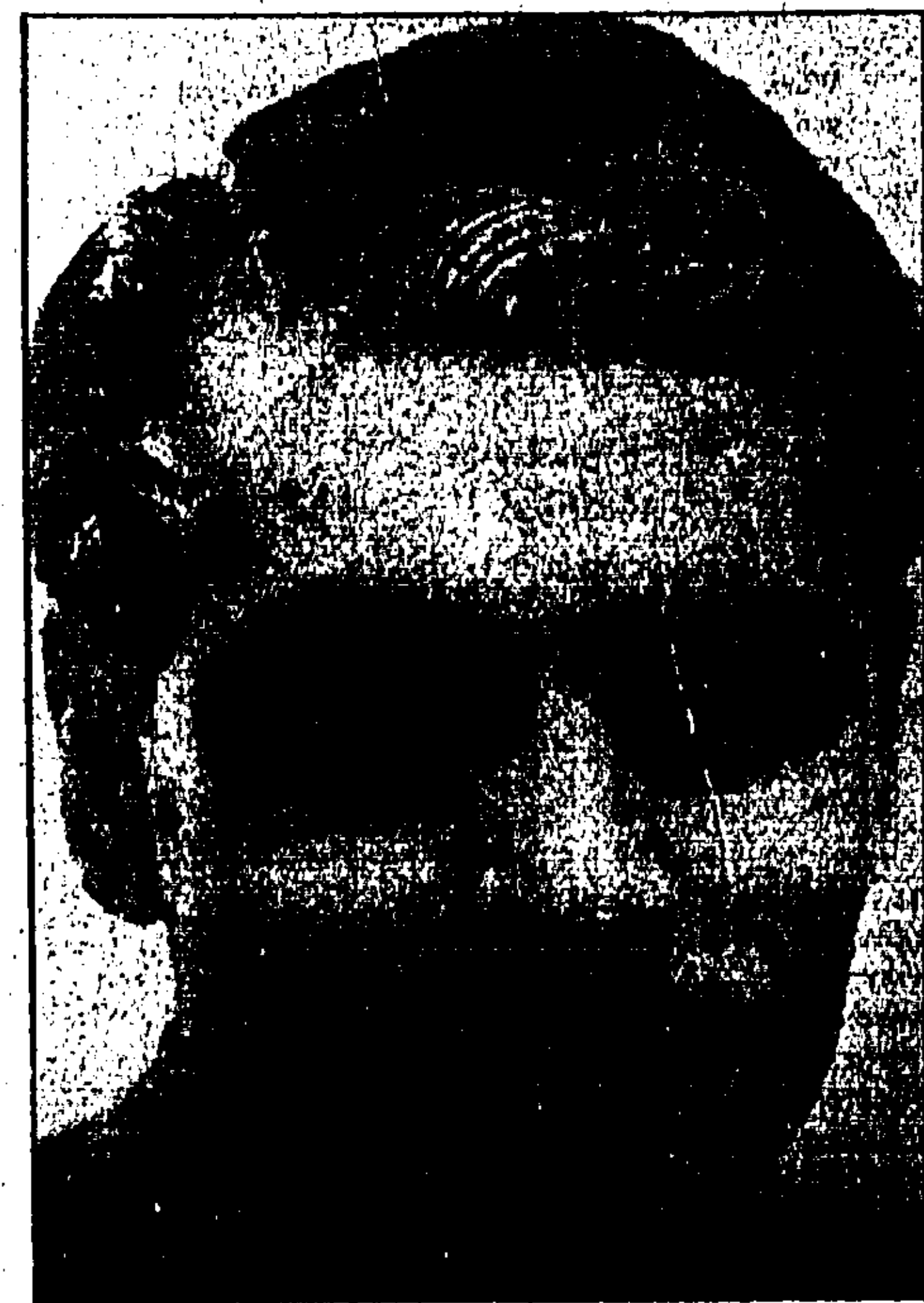
Mrs. Birtle, from Yorkshire, takes in stride such little touches as the deep freeze, the clothes-washing and dish-washing machines, the giant refrigerator, and the electric garbage-disposal unit.

“You know something,” said Birtle. “The banks tell me that if I keep going the way I've been doing, in a few more years the business will be worth 5,000,000 bucks (\$1,800,000). Not so bad.”

I put a routine question. “Where do you vacation?” I ask.

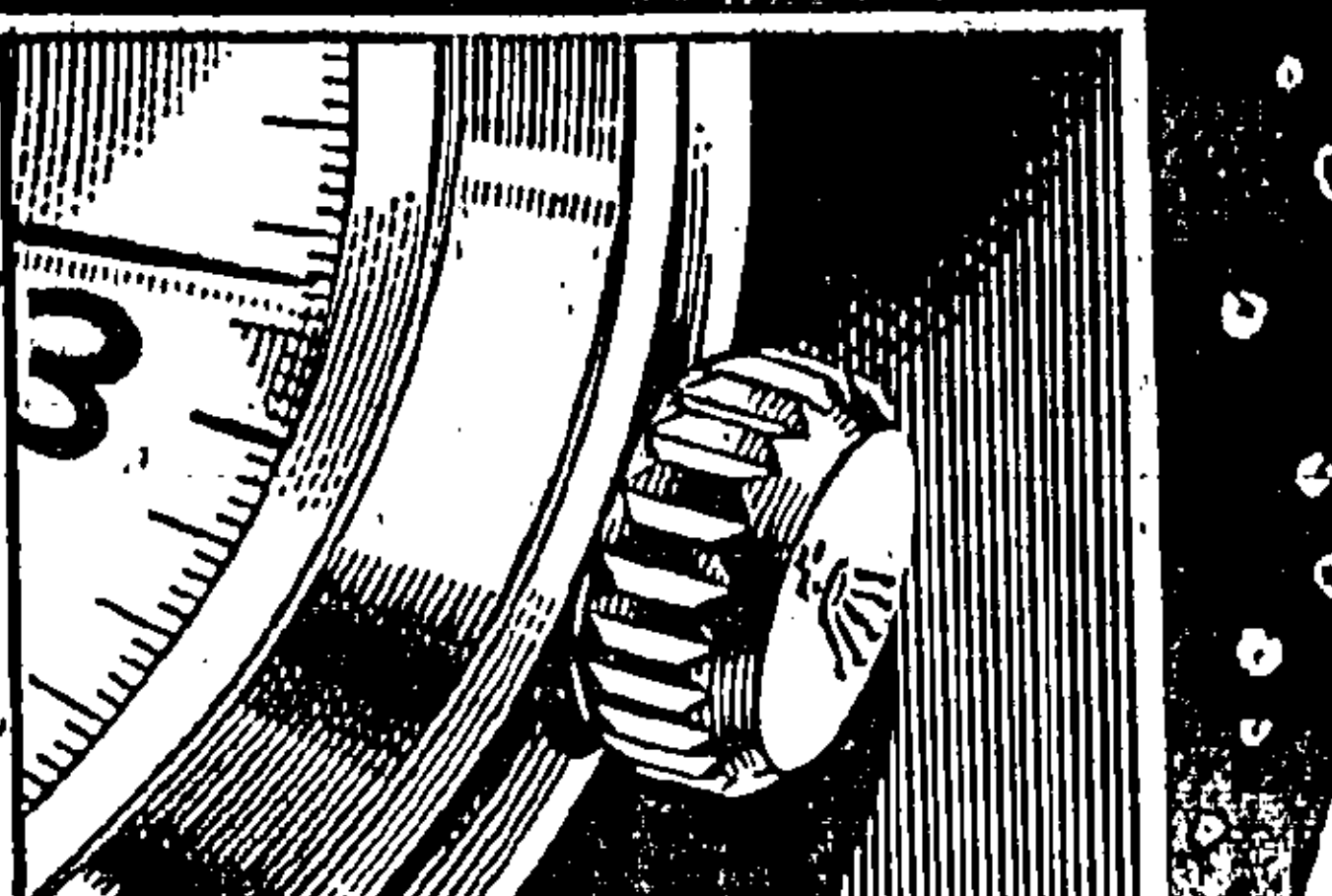
“I haven't taken a single day's vacation since I got here nine years ago,” Birtle replies. “No holidays in nine years. Seventy hours' work a week, concentration—and a willingness to experiment. That, it seems, can leave a man with a big business, a nice car, lots of perks, lots of capital, lots of Californian sunshine—and all around him a most fetching aroma.”

The sweet smell of success.



27 fathoms down

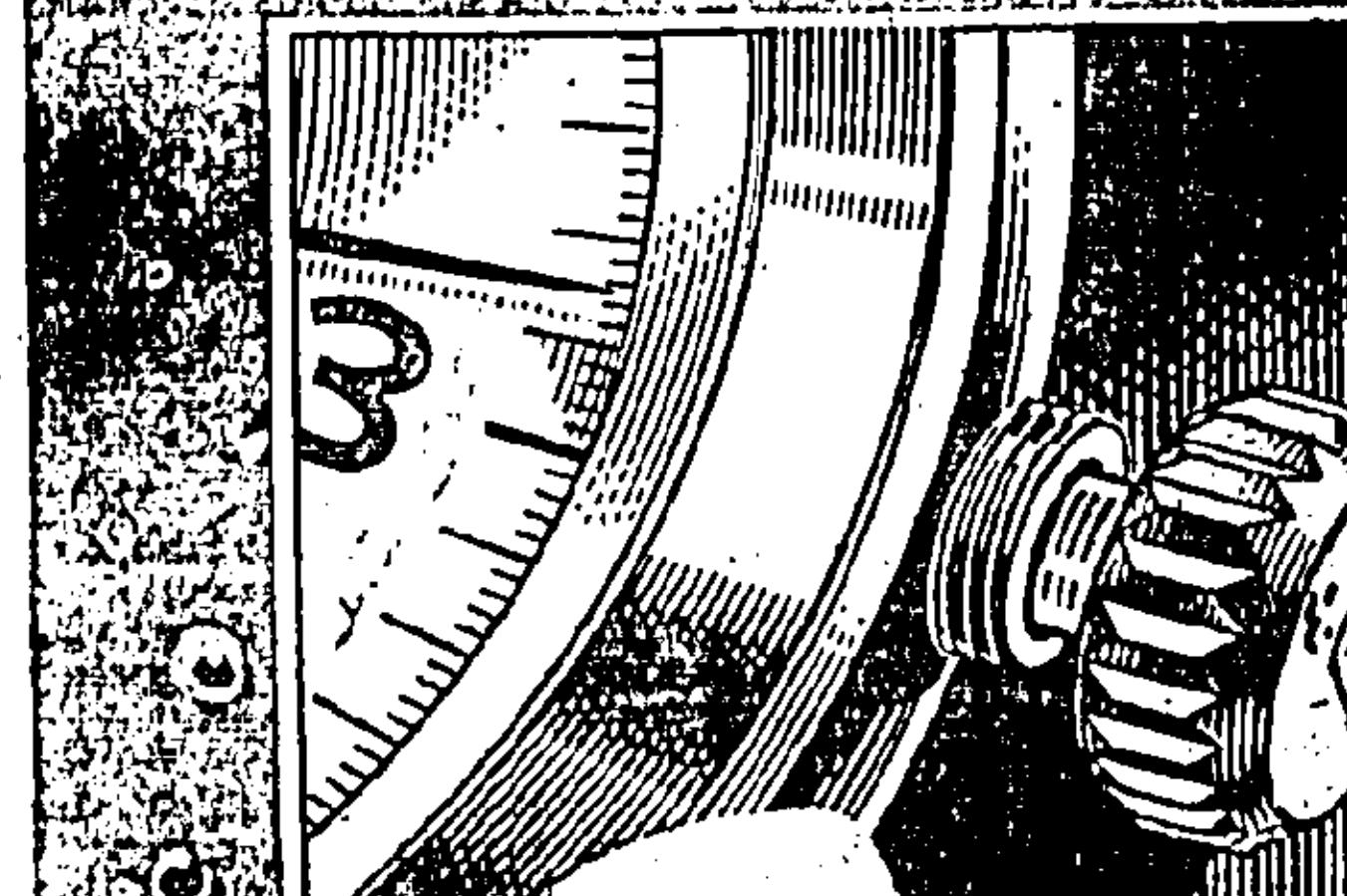
— and ROLEX Oyster still runs accurately as ever.



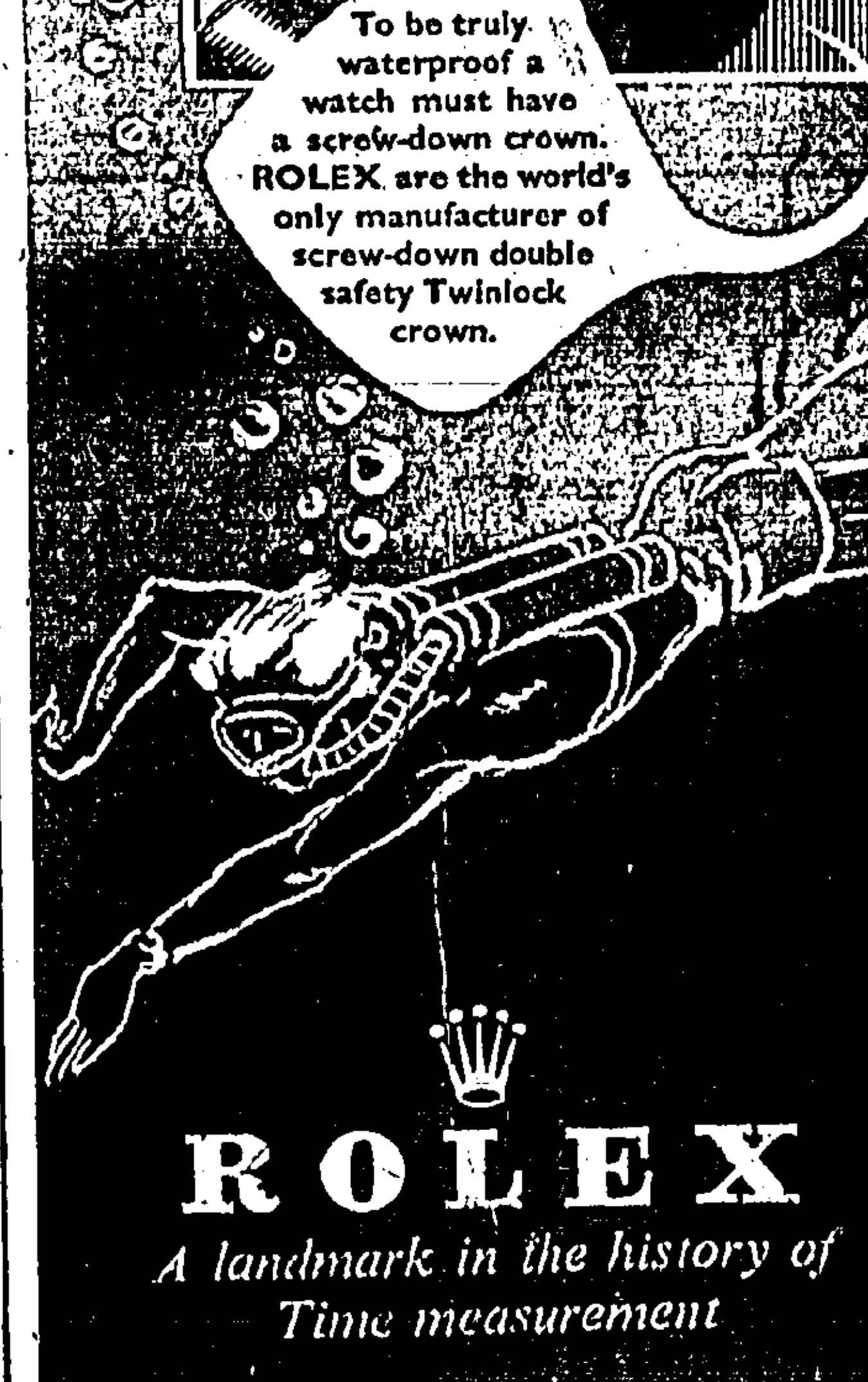
Since 1956

all ROLEX and

Tudor Oyster cases equipped with Twinlock crown have been guaranteed waterproof to an underwater depth of 165 ft.



To be truly waterproof a watch must have a screw-down crown. ROLEX are the world's only manufacturer of screw-down double safety Twinlock crown.

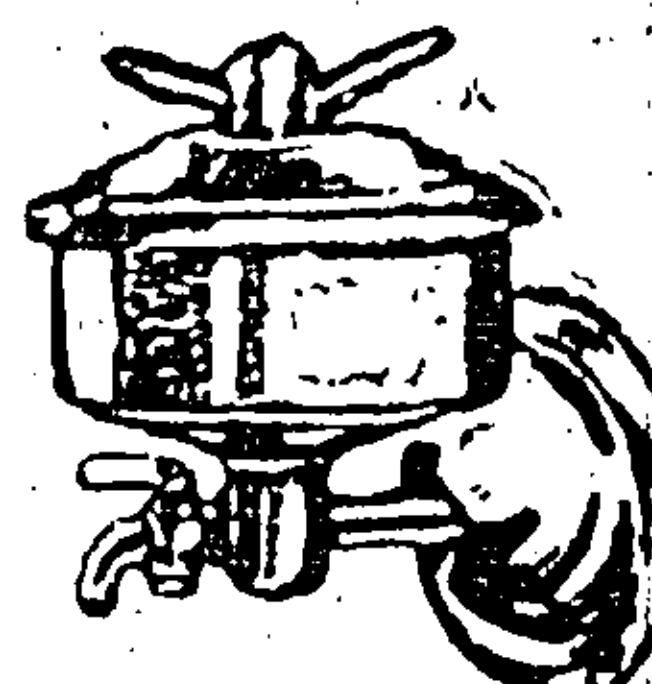


ROLEX

A landmark in the history of Time measurement



Ogdon Health Protecting WATER PURIFIER



- Removes harmful bacteria, Chlorine, Chlorophenols, organic odors, color, and bad tastes caused by soluble iron.
- Removes all suspended matter supplying brilliantly clean, delicious, palatable water.
- Removes Toxins produced by bacterial decomposition and putrefaction.
- The flavour of coffee, tea and other beverages is improved substantially by brewing with purified water.
- Used for babies formula water.
- Indispensable for kidney disease and gastritis.

ANGLO-CHINESE TRADING COMPANY

Suite 304 Pedder Bldg, 3rd Fl., Hong Kong. Tel: 20053.

Sole Agents: DODWELL & CO., LTD.



THE WOMAN WITH THE LOUDEST VOICE
IN QUEEN'S ROAD CENTRAL SAYS:

"Rich People are so miserable!" by GERRY XAVIER

MRS TANG NUI'S success dates back 35 years when she sent her "good-for-nothing" husband to America and, by so doing, turned him into a successful and almost famous Chinese cook in a New York restaurant.

Following a successful separation, (successful, because it pays dividends in American dollars which her husband sends periodically), she went into the newspaper vending business in partnership with her mother. Tang Nui occupied, and is still occupying a stand at the corner of the Hongkong Hotel directly opposite Shell House. Her mother, the late Mrs. Tang, occupied Blue Bird's corner.

Together, they eked out a living and brought up two sons. By a stroke of luck, a kind Englishman, one of the many taipans who buys his newspapers from Tang Nui, came to know of this cheery woman's brave battle, felt sorry for her, and helped subsidise her elder son's education.

WEARY & WORN

Then remittances began to come more regularly from hubby from across the seas, and son number two received a similar education.

But she had no ambition to become a "Rockefeller". She says "Rich people are a miserable lot."

She added this from the weary look worn by taipans after a day's work, and the capers they cut on a drunken Saturday night — all of which she observes when they pass her by at the corner of Hongkong Hotel.

She is a part of the scenery of the central district, and she is proud of it.

"All the people in the offices around here, are my friends," she said exuberantly.

Tang Nui went on to cite one example: "A police sergeant, many years ago, tried to drive her away from her stall."

"The show of aggression," said the woman, "gathered a crowd and brought Mr R.Y. Frost, former General Manager of the Shell Company of Hongkong."

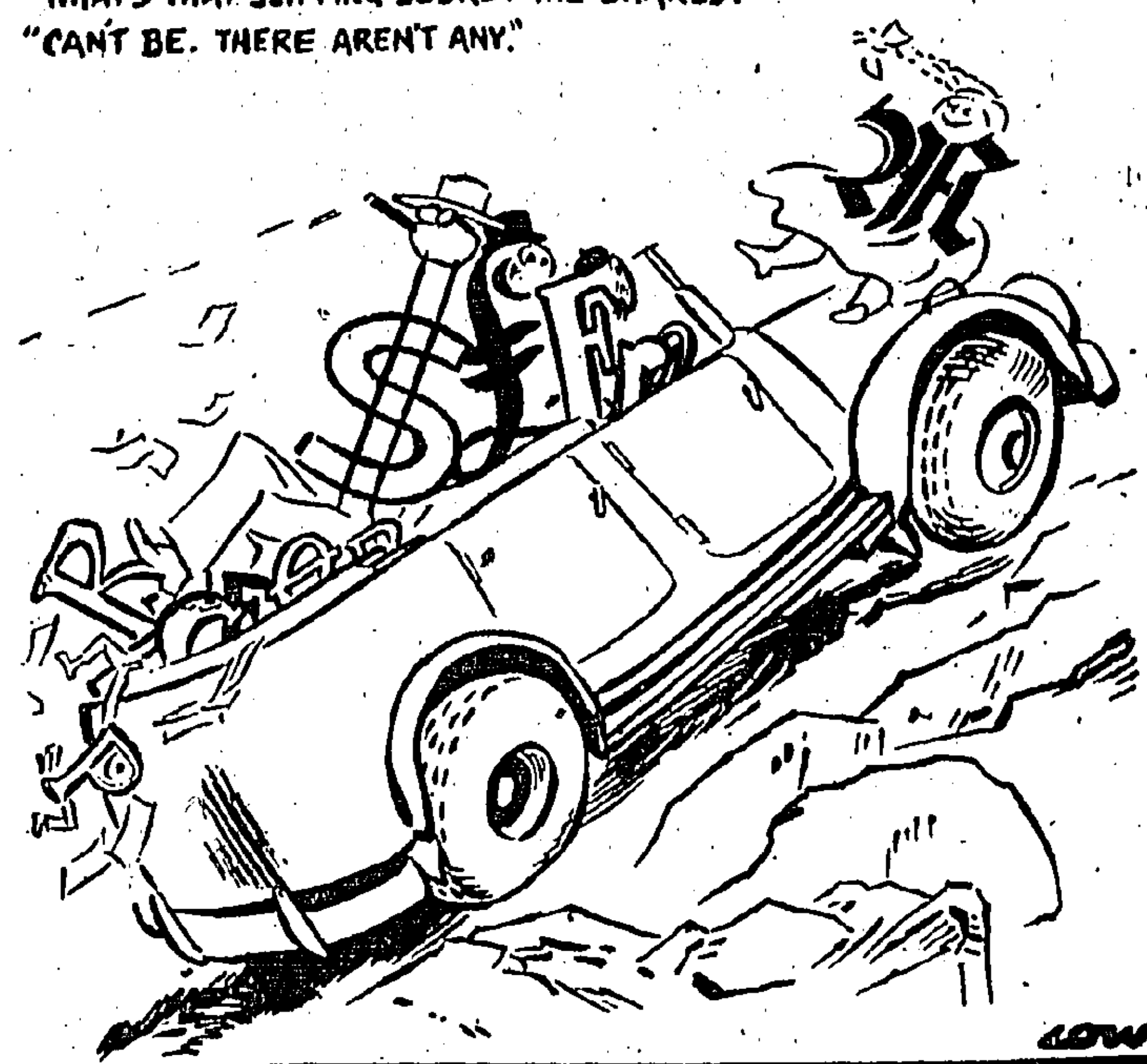
down from his managerial desk in Shell House to intercede for me but the law won and I was fined \$3 for selling newspaper my licence did not specify," she said.

But the story goes further than that, for Tang Nui is "by appointment to Shell," the only hawk allowed on the premises.

Her awkward loud voice and unattractive features, which would have gotten many a person thrown out of an office such as Shell House, is tolerated there, although many an indignant clerk keeps frowning at the way she chides them when they do not buy a newspaper as she makes her rounds twice a day.

Maybe that is why Tang Nui does not want anything other than just to be a news vendor.

"WHAT'S THAT SLIPPING SOUND? THE BRAKES?"
"CAN'T BE. THERE AREN'T ANY."



CURRENCY JOYRIDE

World Copyright by arrangement with the Manchester Guardian

THE 'TUBE' IS NEW CANCER HOPE

By CHAPMAN PINCHER

A NEW treatment for cancer, hailed by doctors as "the most promising advance in 20 years," is being tested at St Thomas's Hospital, London.

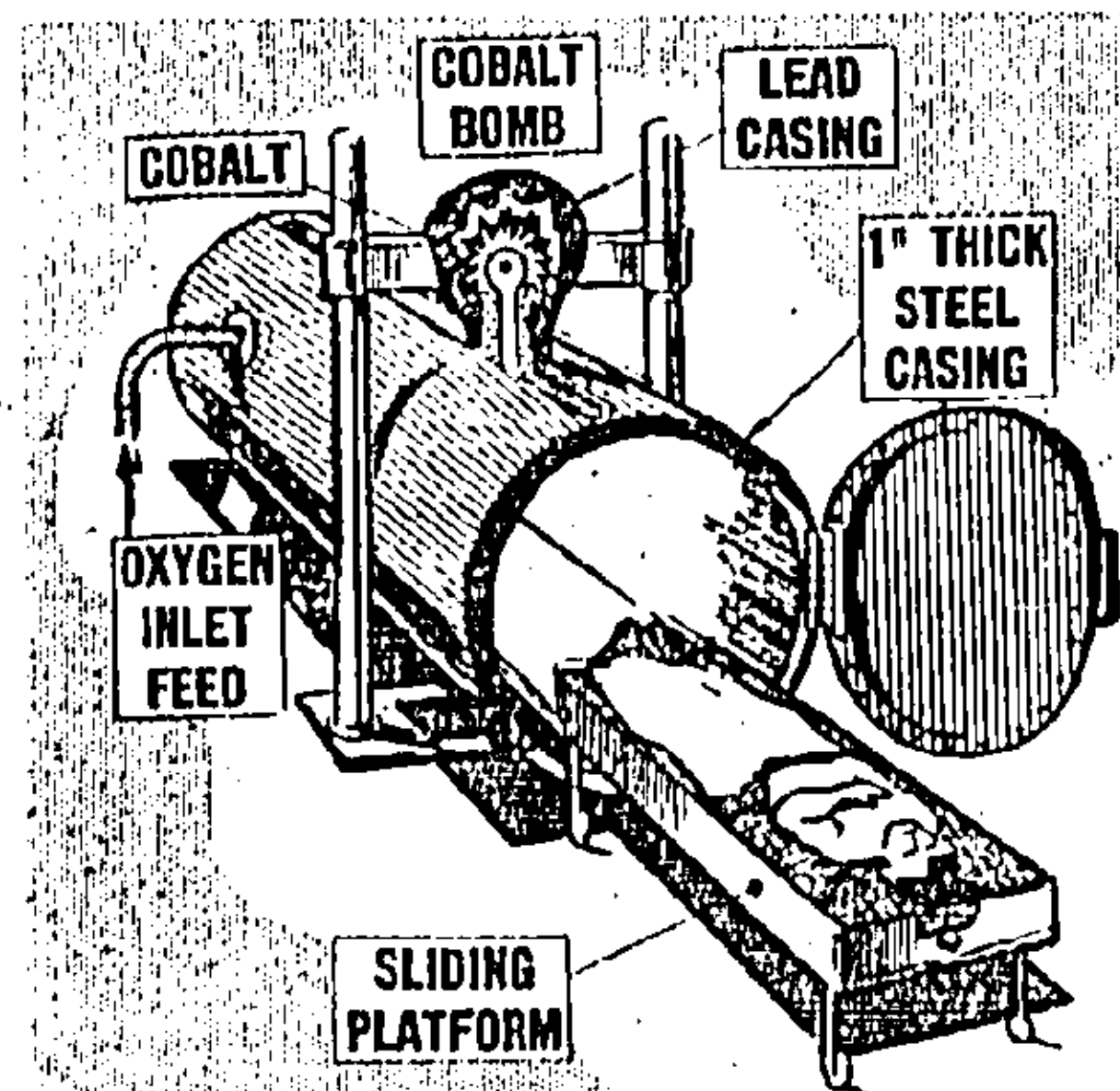
No cures are claimed yet. But early results are so encouraging that five American centres have already adopted it.

British scientists found that X-rays are far more effective in killing cancer cells if they are given in the presence of a rich supply of oxygen.

So a thick steel cylinder in which patients can be put under high-pressure oxygen while they are being given X-rays has been set up at St Thomas's.

A team led by 38-year-old Dr Ian Churchill-Davidson has treated more than 50 patients aged seven to 77 in this way.

Many of them are still alive — some with no signs of cancer.



HOW IT WORKS

The latest cases have been the most successful because Dr Churchill-Davidson is now using a "cobalt bomb" as a source of more powerful X-rays.

The "bomb" is a thick lead sphere containing a charge of the metal cobalt which has been cooled in an atomic furnace until it is intensely radioactive.

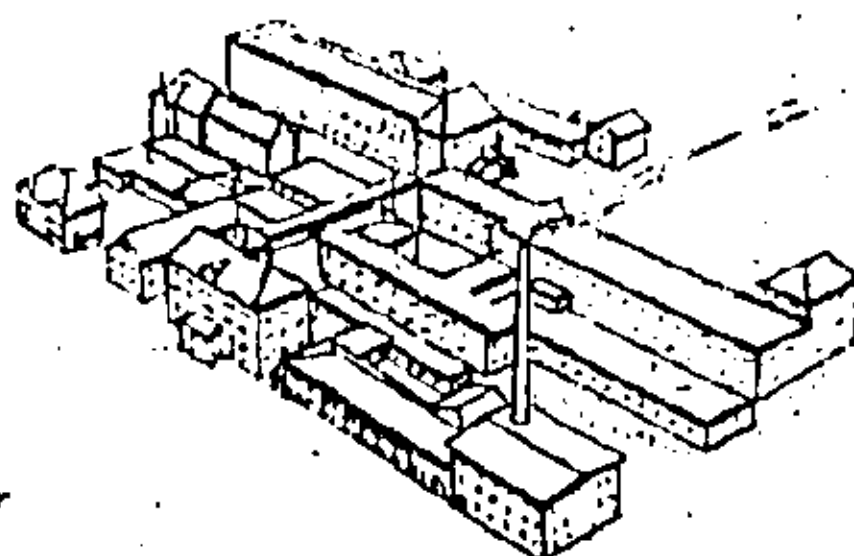
THIS is what happens to the patient in the new treatment:

He is lightly anaesthetised, then covered with lead sheeting to protect those parts of the body which are not to be X-rayed.

He is pushed into the cylinder on a trolley.

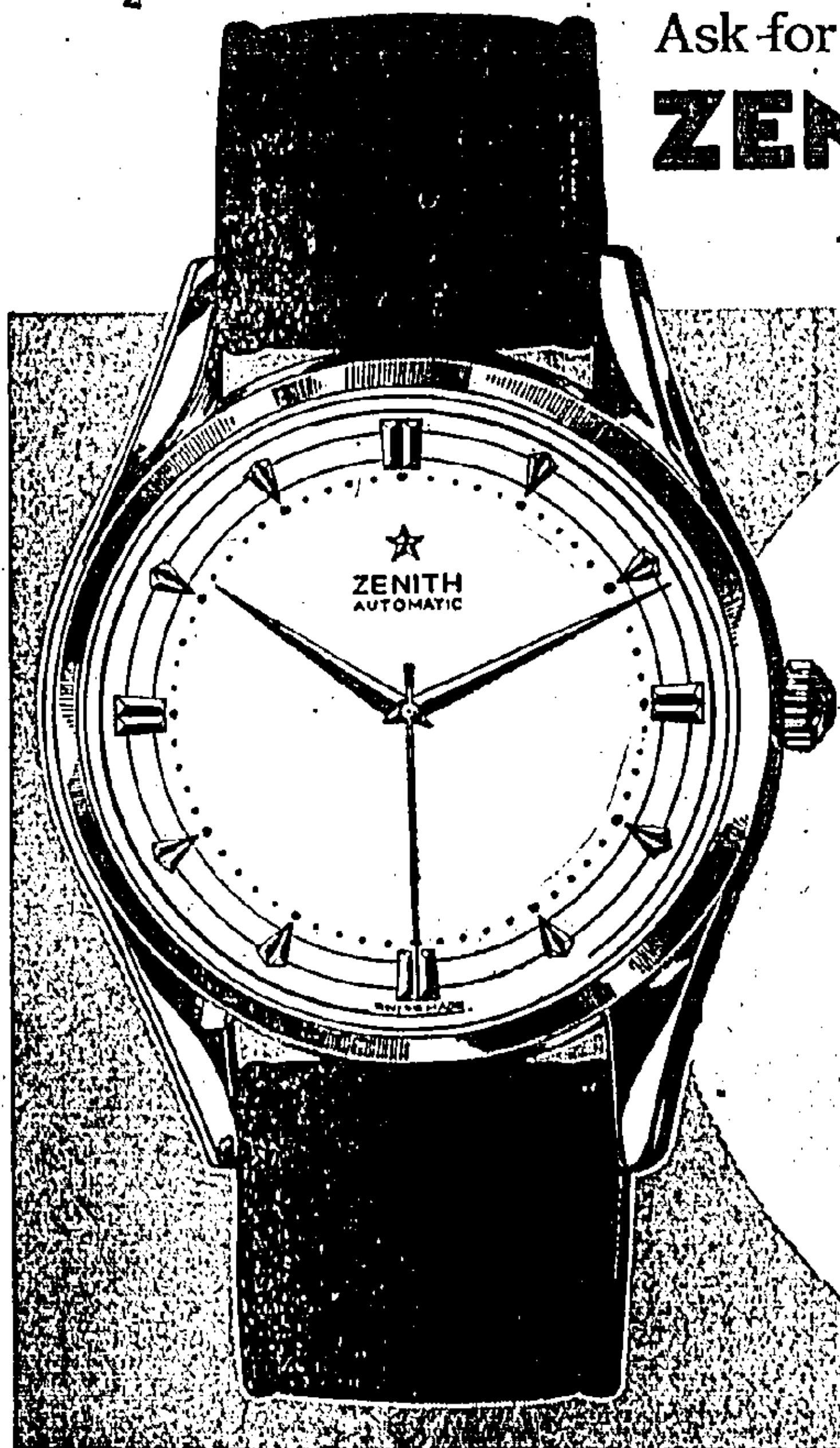
The door is screwed down and oxygen pumped in until the pressure reaches about 42lb. to the square inch.

If you appreciate
precision as well
as quality



Ask for the new ZENITH AUTOMATIC

— You could not make a better choice



685 First Prizes

..... for precision, won at the official contests organized by the famous Swiss observatory of Neuchâtel, prove the undeniable leadership of ZENITH in the production of finest quality timepieces.

When your own Zenith automatic gleams on your wrist, you will be the proud owner of an absolutely up-to-date watch—the pride of a factory that is famed for its outstanding successes. Those around you will know that you have chosen the very best of Swiss watches.



ZENITH WATCHES ARE OBTAINABLE AT
THE FOLLOWING APPOINTED SUB-AGENTS:

ARTLAND WATCH CO.	20, DES VOEUX ROAD C.
BUDSON WATCH CO.	104, QUEEN'S ROAD C.
LAM YUEN FONG WATCH CO.	176, DES VOEUX RD. C.
ROUX DOR WATCH CO.	95, QUEEN'S ROAD C.
SHUI HWA WATCH CO.	77, QUEEN'S ROAD C.
TAI SHING WATCH CO.	104, DES VOEUX ROAD C.



Sole Agents: HERALD INTERNATIONAL LTD., 001 WING ON LIFE BLDG

BY BUS to BRITAIN

No. 2 in the new series about the men who broke a way out of Europe

by FRANK TOLE

Guingamp, Brittany, THE dusty lorry chugged its way along a bumpy, hedge-lined country lane on a spring day in Brittany. The driver, 60-year-old Francois Kerambrun, muttered under his breath at the slow pace, for he was on very important business, and it was impossible to coax any more speed out of the motor.

Francois Kerambrun's lorry ran on charcoal, with one of those curious looking stove gadgets beside the bonnet such as you often saw on the roads of France in war-time.

— HALTED

ONLY Germans and collaborators had petrol in those early months of 1944 before the first waves of Allied troops came ashore on the Normandy beaches.

But Kerambrun was sure that the day of liberation of his country could not be far off, and he smiled to himself as he thought "if only the Boche knew what was in the back of my lorry to help his departure he'd be surprised."

At that moment he heard the command "HALT" and there before him on the road was a German patrol.

For one moment Kerambrun had a vision of his family waiting at home and thought anxiously: "Shall I ever see them again?"

But, to his astonishment, the Germans were all friendly smiles. Could the driver give one of the soldiers a lift to the next village?

So into the back climbed the man with his rifle and sat down on a heavy steel cylinder used for welding.

Francois Kerambrun might have explained that he was taking the cylinder for a special job, but the soldier spoke hardly any French and Francoise spoke no German, so no questions were asked.

— PISTOLS

THE German got down at the village, and walked away with a "Guten tag." Francoise Kerambrun finished his mission, and left the cylinder in the yard of his garage, where the Germans saw it as they passed every day, and never took any notice.

You can see it there now and the lorry too, both a little rusty, if you ever visit this part of Brittany. A very ordinary looking gas cylinder not worth a second glance. The top part is just what it purports to be, but if you unscrew it half-way down you find a nice, cosy container for pistols and hand grenades, just the job for the French Resistance.

This was only one exploit of the old lorry in its very special work for the resistance group of M. Mathurin Branchoux, a

poultry breeder and quiet family man in peace-time, and a clandestine leader with a price on his head in war-time.

For nearly 100 airmen who were smuggling back to England after bailing out in occupied territory it was "the last bus for home."

Eight times it went down the German patrolled lanes at night towards Bonaparte Beach from where the Royal Navy took off the airmen who had been smuggled through France by an escape chain.

— A TRAP

EVERY time he took the wheel Francois Kerambrun risked his life—for the penalty for helping airmen was certain death.

Once the lorry, looking like a covered wagon with its canvas top, stopped with its front wheels in a trap dug across the road by the Germans.

A dozen British airmen inside were told: "Jump out and hide in the bushes."

But not a German was in sight. The airmen came back heaved the lorry out of the trap and drove on again to the house at the top of the cliffs which was their last stopping place in France.

Another night it was a group of French gendarmes—no lover of the Germans—who stopped Francois Kerambrun and asked him: "What are you doing out at this time of night?"

"Don't waste my time," said Kerambrun sharply. "I am a father of six children, and am not here for a friendly chat. I have 18 Allied airmen who must be taken off tonight for England."

"Right," said the police. "But don't go down that way as the Germans have just mined the road."

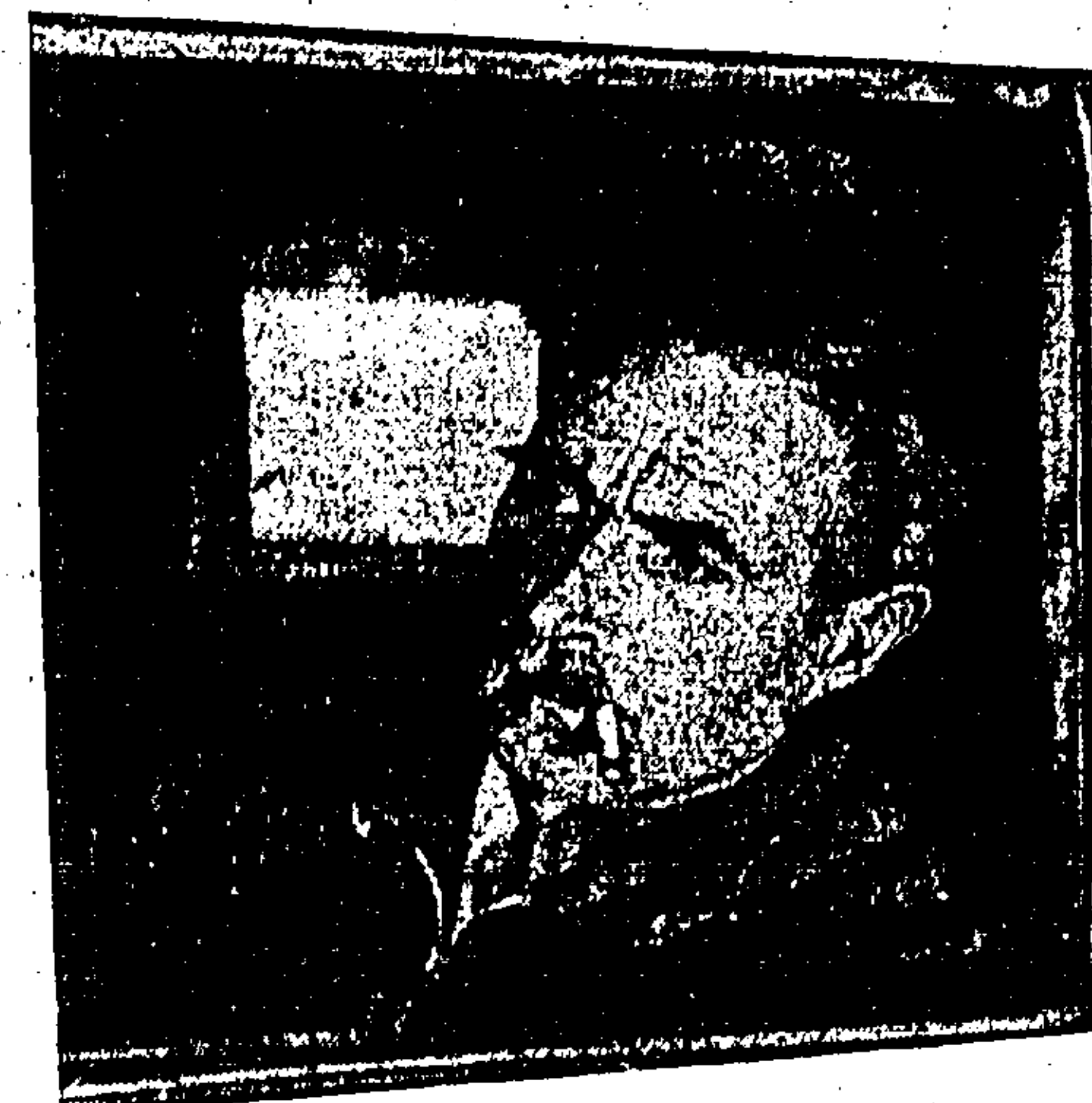
— SEARCH

SO for five miles the police led the lorry with its load along a detour where there were no mines, and then, with a silent handshake and a "bonne chance," were gone.

To talk to Francois Kerambrun you would think it the most natural thing in the world for a father of six to risk his life on such midnight missions. "Have I been awarded a decoration?" he reports. "What would I want with a decoration at my age?"

He talked about his neighbour Madame Rosalie Cardinal,

Eight times Francois took the wheel—each time he risked death



FRANCOIS... "I'm not here for a friendly chat."

hotel keeper at Chateaudren, Germans called to requisition her hotel and asked her to show them the rooms.

They inspected them all except one with a locked door. "Who's in there?" asked the officer-in-charge.

"Only some railwaymen who work at night and should not be disturbed as they sleep during the day," she said.

The Germans walked away, and six airmen crouched behind

the door ready to make a last fight for it breathed a sigh of relief.

"They told me I was as white as a sheet when I answered the German officer," she says. "But my impression was that I blushed scarlet."

NEXT WEEK:

The toughest escape route at all.

BRITAIN CAN NOW 'BLIND' RADAR SETS

'Bombers or missiles'

By RONALD WALKER

A COUNTER-MEASURE to radar detection—to "blind its eye"—has been discovered by a British firm.

It offers the first possibility that radar warning defence can be defeated, whether the attack is made by bombers or guided missiles.

The discovery was disclosed in a brief statement issued by the Plessey Company.

This stated simply that the firm had "an extremely interesting material that absorbs radar pulses instead of reflecting them. A structure covered with the material becomes invisible to a radar beam."

Radar was used by British radar stations to track German bombers. It is based on the principle that it sends out a constant series of pulses, like tennis balls fired in split-second succession.

The pulses bounce back when they hit an enemy aircraft.

The receiver which records the return pulses automatically works out the height, range, and position of the target aircraft.

NO BLIP

So far there has been no means of foxing radar detection. It cannot be jammed or bent. The Plessey Company's technicians have devised a material which cuts the radar pulses off at the critical moment.

Instead of bouncing back to the expectant receiver, they are absorbed.

As a result, no tell-tale blip shows on the radar screens. The "eye" so far relied on as the basis for defence organisation is utterly blinded.

ATTENTION ALL WHO INSIST ON EIGHT HOURS A DAY

How to sleep less and live longer

REPORT No. 1 ON
AN EXPERIMENT
IN GETTING MORE
OUT OF LIFE

WEARY of waiting for the scientists to provide a pill to lengthen my life span, I have taken action to grab myself some extra years in another way.

Barring accidents and bad luck, I can lengthen the rest of my life expectation—a further 30 years, according to the statisticians—by at least two and a half years and probably more.

All I have to do is to cut down my sleep from seven and a half hours a night to five and a half. That will give me two hours of extra living a day which adds up to an additional month a year.

So instead of having only 12 months to enjoy life every year I shall have the equivalent of 18.

After 30 of these "baker's dozen" years, if I last that long, I shall have lived two and a half years during which I should otherwise have been unconscious. If I can get my sleeping time down to five hours, my gain in living time will be more than three years.

What about the ill-effects of "burning the candle at both ends"? Is there no danger that by consistently depriving myself of sleep I shall reduce my life-span by as much or even more than I gain?

After studying almost every medical report on the subject I am satisfied that there is no worthwhile evidence that shortage of sleep, unless it is extreme, reduces longevity or causes ill-health.

Remember the air raids? For six years the sleep of millions of Britons was disturbed almost nightly. Yet there is no evidence that anyone's health suffered from loss of sleep.

Indeed one of the medical lessons of the war was to emphasise that most people can manage on five or six hours a night indefinitely with no health penalty.

A luxury

THE psychiatrists seem unanimous that insomnia is injurious only if you worry about it.

People who habitually sleep only five hours a night because they cannot get more rarely

show any signs of physical or mental exhaustion. Some of the most industrious and creative people I know are chronic insomniacs.

Out of 500 distinguished Americans quizzed by a doctor nearly 100 sleep only six hours or less.

When the sleep of animals was forcibly curtailed they put up a better performance in learning experiments than others allowed unlimited slumber.

So, in the absence of medical evidence against altering the outward motto to: "Late to bed and early to rise..." I have decided that with half my life already gone seven and a half hours sleep a night is a luxury I can no longer afford. (It is probably a luxury the nation cannot afford.)

Appalling...

It is not pressure of work which has induced me to take this action. It is just that I am so appalled at the way time is flying.

"The weeks are ticking by like days. And sleep, though pleasant for the few moments while you are entering it, is nothing more than living death."

Apart from dreams, which last only a few seconds, it is impossible to enjoy sleep itself.

As one who has always found life exciting I have resented the third of it wasted in sleep. But with civilised society organised on the odd assumption that we each need eight hours nightly, it is all too easy to conform to the national pattern of idleness.

The immediate dividends from cutting down on sleeping time were revealed to me when a human fireball called Professor Harry Messel stayed with me last month.

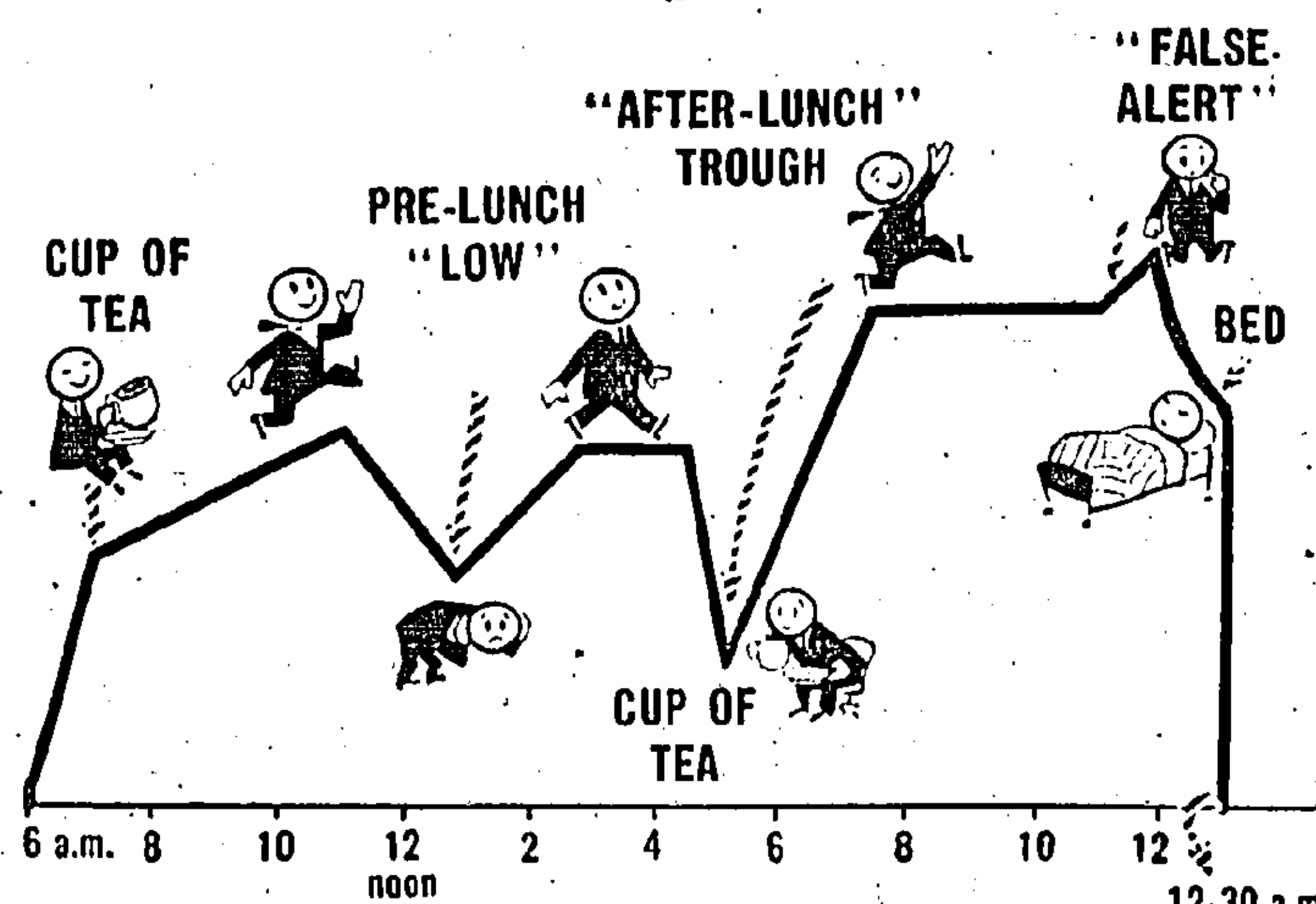
I had seen how much this Canadian-born scientist packs into his life while visiting him at Sydney University, where he has achieved wonders for Australian science.

When he stayed with me I found out that he rarely sleeps more than four hours a night because he has gradually conditioned himself to do so.

On his advice I began to cut my sleep down and have reduced it to six hours, with no lunch-time naps or dozing in the train allowed.

I did it Messel-fashion, cutting half an hour off my sleep

IF YOU'RE TEMPTED TO JOIN IN
—TEST YOURSELF AGAINST
THE VITALITYGRAPH



THIS GRAPH charts Pincher's vitality as assessed by his feelings of alertness or lassitude. The regular loss of two hours' sleep causes a mid-morning depression and what Pincher describes as an "abyss" after lunch. Vitality then rises steadily through the late afternoon and evening until midnight when there is a period of exceptional mental clarity. This proves to be a "false alert" as it rapidly falls off into a sensation of drained-out exhaustion.

at each end—going to sleep at 12.30 instead of midnight and getting up at six or soon after (Note that phrase "getting up." Many people boast that they never take more than six hours sleep but they stay dozing in bed for an hour or more.)

I find that an early attack on the day is worthwhile in itself, for the psychological sense of triumph and superiority over the sluggards which it brings.

As I previously slept seven hours or more and was like getting your sleep down is

addicted to the after-lunch snooze whenever possible, I have not found this sleep-rationalising easy.

The feeling of lassitude that assailed me about 11.30 a.m. and again after lunch was overwhelming at first. But, as Messel promised, it is getting easier, though I doubt whether I can get my physiology tuned to less than five hours' sleep a night.

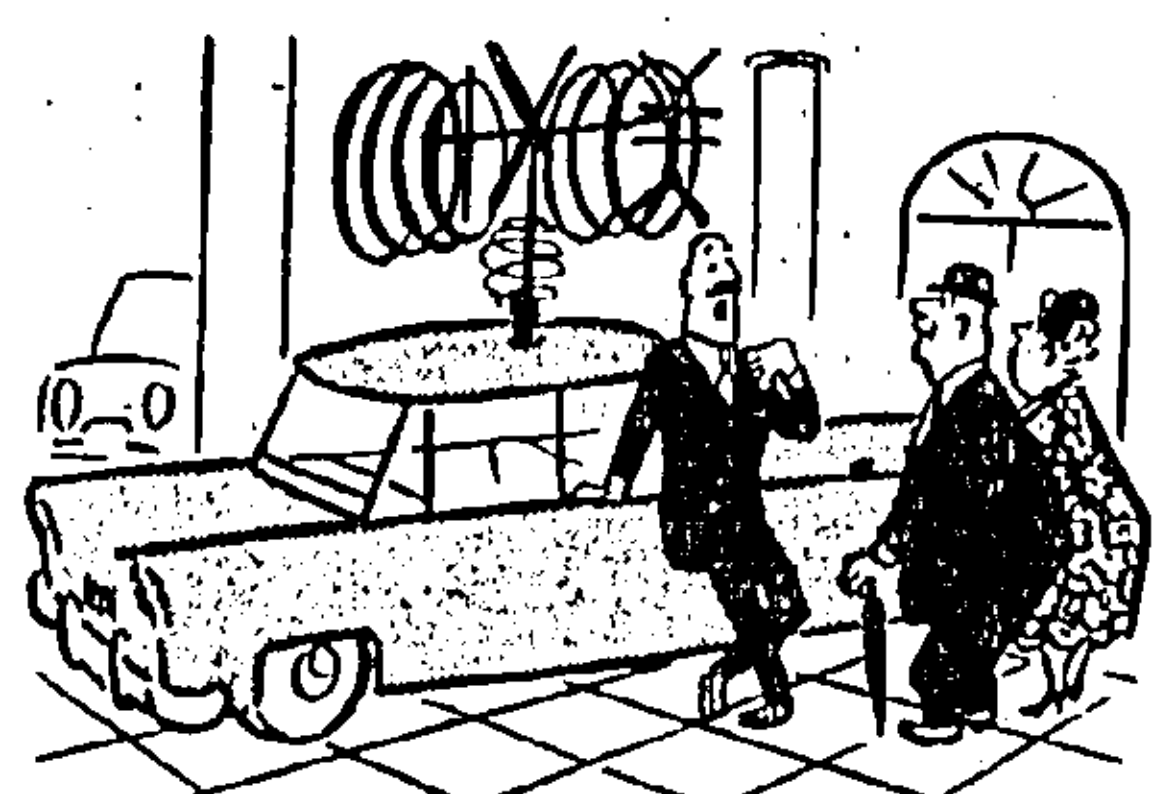
Getting your sleep down is like getting your weight down.

You need will power at first to overcome the "withdrawal symptoms."

But both bring their reward in well-being and extra life.

**Chapman
Pincher**

Selection



"This model is longer, lower and faster and has an anti-radar beam meter defence attachment."



"We'd like to help combat inflation, too! You reduce the price of stout and mild and we'll reconsider our wage demands."



"I believe Mr. Dulles wanted to know how long one can exist in a rarefied atmosphere before coming down to earth."

By Priall



FOR BUSINESS OR PLEASURE

B.O.A.C.

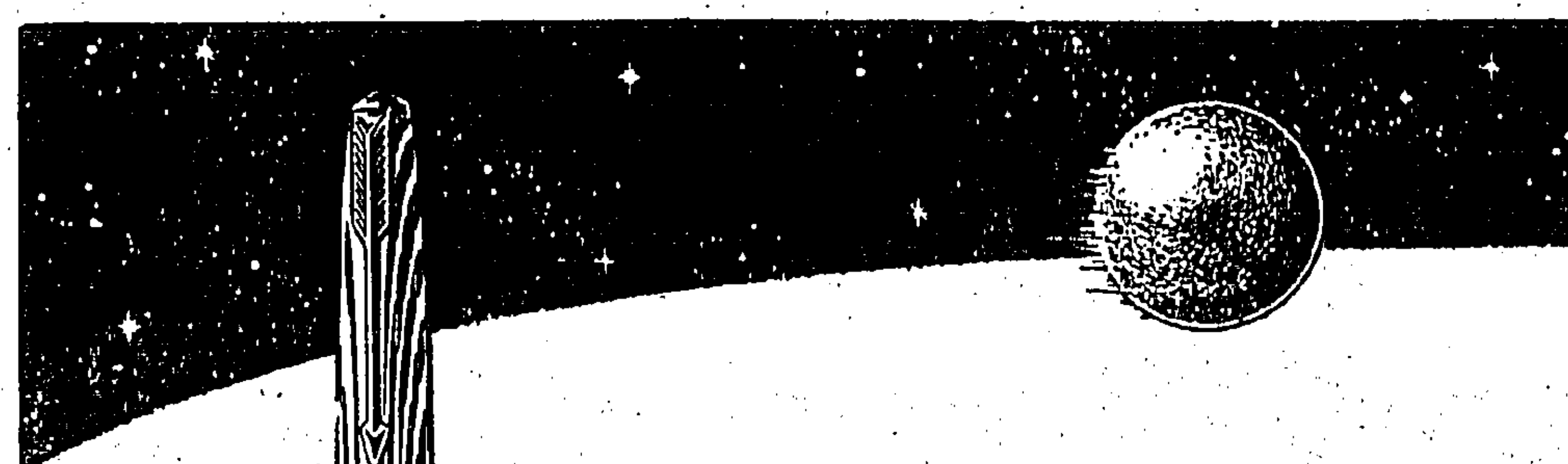
Britannia

**THE FASTEST
TO TOKYO**

3 FIRST CLASS: 3 TOURIST SERVICES WEEKLY

Consult your Travel Agent or Jardine's Airways Dept.
Telephone 63311 (24-hour service)

REMEMBER—ONLY B.O.A.C. OFFERS YOU
BRITANNIA JET-PROP SERVICES



UNLIKE ANY OTHER PEN IN THE WORLD I

Parker 61

The only fountain pen that
fills itself by itself... It has no moving parts.

Startling in its newness is the Parker 61, because it alone among fountain pens, fills itself by itself. It fills itself cleanly—through the end opposite the point. It's done by capillary action in just a few seconds—the shining point need never be dipped in ink.

For best results and optimum writing performance, use Parker Quink in your Parker 61 pen.

Sole Agents: SHIRAO (CHINA) LIMITED, Room 631, Alexandra House
Pen Repair Service at Shirao Showroom, Alexandra Arcade

7-4128

- Pincher is now merely
- at the beginning of his
- Experiment with Sleep.
- Watch for a further report
- from him in three weeks' time.

WEEK-END WOMANSENSE

The Look-Through Look is going!

Feminascope

THE naughty nylon nightdress is on its way out. Women have had their fling, and they are tiring of those flimsy, frilly bits of nonsense that do not conceal a single curve.

A big lingerie firm that sold thousands of the ultra-transparent nightdresses last year can hardly sell a single one this year.

And the buyer for a chain of lingerie shops selling a quarter of a million nightdresses a year said the other day: "The only people now who seem to like the invisible nightdresses are the teenagers and girls

getting married. Everyone else wants her nightdress to be much more opaque. So we are selling them in thicker nylon, or if it is a fine material, it is made double.

"Not only do women want them more opaque, they don't like them as fuzzy now as they used to—fewer bows and ruffles and bits of lace. The newest look is much more tailored and plain, and much more chic."



THE CYCLE OF A SACK

The Sack In London

London. By HAZEL MEYRICK

LONDONERS are not noticeably quick in taking up new fashions—we leave that to New York—but the sack dress, from the moment it made its appearance in the Paris collections, caught on, over here with amazing speed.

The girls who have realised that this year's sack is simply last year's sheath dress with the waistline let out, are already walking around in this new shape, while the buyer of a London fashion store who tentatively bought one or two sack

dresses was amazed at the result. "We put one in the window, just to attract attention," she told me. "But so many people came in and bought them that I've had to order some more."

Wearers of sacks still have a slightly defiant air about them—you need it to cope with the giggles of the girls whose waistlines are still nipped in; the poor, appraising stares of the British workman—a well-known and extremely vocal fashion authority.

Sack dresses are even on sale in the store where there was that famous incident of Nina,

the Russian athlete and the five hats.

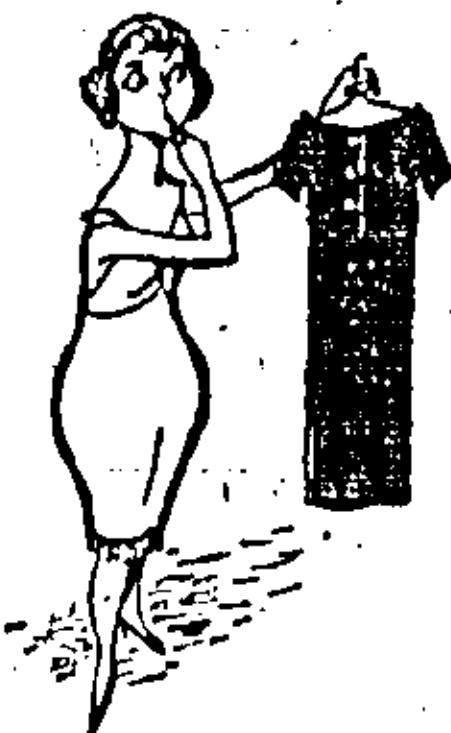
But the sack I like best is the one that plays safe. It's in heavy ribbed wool, has a belt to go with it and is cut with a collar and push-up sleeves. With its button-through fastening, it can also be used as a knitted coat over a cotton dress.

"You look like a sack" tied round the middle in that dress," said my mother of my first teen-age effort at dressmaking. Now the fashion wheel has turned full circle, and it's suddenly smart to look just that way.

Veronica Papworth

SAYS

A pear into a tube WON'T go



—So, look out for that awful menace... the Woman on a Diet

FOR the first time for ages I've been on the receiving end of those Paris Collection Reports. Instead of adishing out deathless prose on the Latest Look I've been reading it. And it seems that it all boils down to a leather helmet and a hairy tube-like dress for autumn.

Which is really rather chattering in view of last month's Stationery Office Report that the great majority of English women are PEAR-SHAPED.

A warning

It doesn't take a mathematical genius to prove that a pear into a tube simply won't go.

Not unless it's a very wide tube—which is certainly not intended.

So what will every other woman be doing before very long?

She'll be working down her pear shape.

I'm warning you, chums—we are in for a heavy autumn session with that post-war menace—the Woman on a Diet. Goodness—she's a bore.

There's the one who is always STARTING TOMORROW— "my final fling," she cries as she wops another ladle full of cream. "Boiled water and lemon juice for me in the

morning. Oh no I can't—we're dining with Willy... such heavenly food... but the next day I must."

There's the woman who PLAYS at it "Oh stop," she whines, "not another Martini—dancing where's my self-control? Well, all right—just this once. But I should be more strong-minded. I'm dieting—really, darling!"

Pounds down

There's the bore who has LOST TWO INCHES round the waist and can talk of nothing else. "Surely you notice something different about me, sweetie? I'm pounds down, skir's practically slipping off... haven't a thing that fits. I'll finish the soufflé, sweetie. I can afford to let up now."

There's also the one who takes the name bills that the Queen takes—positively as supplied to Buck House. We're both doing it. And the one who goes on and on about her patent "bulk" food—"swells in the small intestine" and then "don't make such faces George, my pet—this is madly interesting."

Add to these the "sweat it off at the baths" addict, the hard-boiled-egg-and-sherry expert and—oh goodness there's no end to the ghastly boredom of it.

What a lesson these girls could learn from the Dedicated Dieter.

One of many

Let me tell you about one I know. She's one of many.

She serves cocktails to her guests—and quietly pours herself a glucose drink.

She never twitters over a menu—she sticks to grilled meat, salads and fruit.

She never, repeat, NEVER, talks about "her weight" or "her figure"—which, incidentally, is perfect. Her husband adores her. But not, I feel sure, for her shape.

I don't think Englishmen care all that much about shapes.

One thing I'm certain they do set tremendous store by is a LIVELY COMPANIONSHIP.

And if there's one thing that is guaranteed to bore the pants off any man, gum up party conversation, infuriate a hostess and drive good cooks to drink it is TOO MUCH TALK ABOUT DIET.

(London Express Service)



Two British versions of the sack dress both by Susan Small.

Above: In basket weave jersey, caught in at the waist by a patent leather belt, topped by a matching knitted coat.

Below: In fine wool jersey with a ribbed skirt in the neckline, this dress is shaped to give you back some of your waistline at least.



COIFFURE COVER-UPS

IT'S summer, and you can't do a thing with your hair.

In the first place, hair can have too much of a good thing, namely sun. You'd be wise to cover up the curls while you're getting a tan. That's where a scarf comes in handy.

You Must Know How

An ordinary scarf serves your purposes.

Here are a few ideas:

Take a big 30-inch scarf. Fold one corner back over your head, patching it tightly at the back of your neck. Fasten there with a pin. Let the scarf hang free to cover your bare shoulders when you come out of the water or when you go boating or motoring in the sun.

Another idea is to wear the scarf babushka style—and it's pretty with pert young faces. Fold it diagonally in half, tie on snugly, pulling the fold well over your forehead so the hair line is covered. It will prevent sun from streaking your locks and keep the wind from blowing them out of line.

Quick Camouflage

If you need to do a quick pin-curl job at the beach—and you don't after a dip in the surf—camouflage curls with a scarf.

Take the square and fold it diagonally, corner to corner. Next, fold over twice to make a narrow bandage. Tie around the head, letting the ends dangle. In addition to looking pretty, it hides your pin-up job until the curls are set.

— JEANNE D'ARCY



"Parisette"

The Little French Boutique

Room 211.

H.K. Hotel Building.

Coldo
Even the slightest cold is to be feared
Do not let it spread!
Defeat it from the start
by taking 1 or 2 CAFASPINs

CAFASPIN

A BATH IS NOT ENOUGH

MUM

stops underarm odor safely for 24 hours...



"Perspiration is a perfectly normal function of the body and is Nature's way of removing poisons from the human system. However, when perspiration comes in contact with bacteria that are always present on the skin, decomposition occurs and an offensive odor results. This odor is particularly noticeable in the underarm area. Naturally, a bath will wash away past perspiration but Mum's fragrant body cream should be applied under the arms to prevent future odor and the risk of offending others. Only Mum, which

contains bacteria-killing M-3, can give you complete protection against this underarm odor that destroys your charm!

Mum should occupy a prominent position on the dressing table of every woman who wishes to be perfectly groomed. So buy a jar of Mum's fragrant body cream today and apply it daily after your bath as your guarantee of 24 hour freshness.

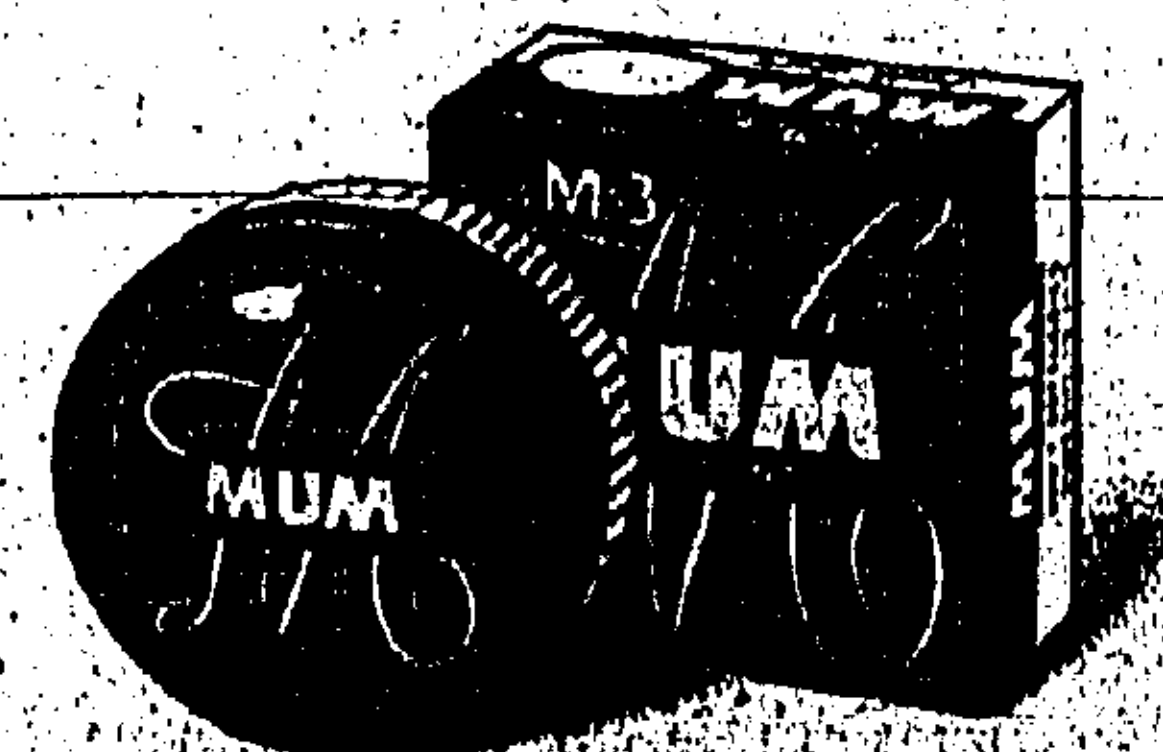
Remember.... Mum keeps you nice to be near!

MAKE

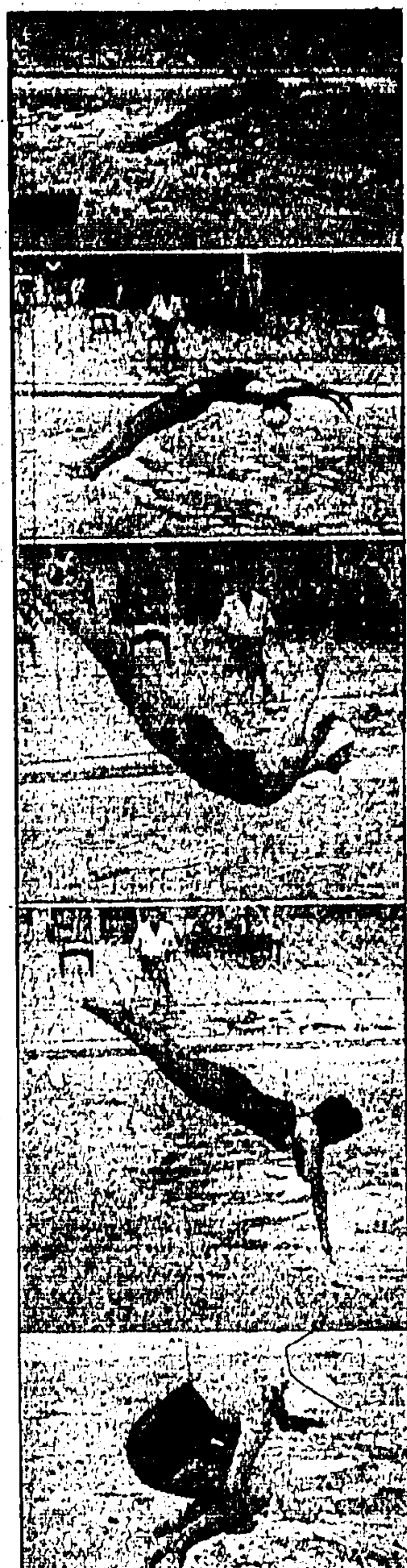
MUM

With M-3

YOUR UNDERARM DEODORANT



Sole Distributors: ED. A. KELLER & CO., LTD.



ABOVE: Two candles for Peter Gregory. Ming Yuen Studio
RIGHT: Rear-Admiral H. D. Riley, commanding US 1st Carrier Division (left) is seen paying a courtesy call on Commodore G. D. A. Gregory RN. (Staff Photographer)
LEFT: The Rev. S. Withers Green, Warden of Morrison Hall, arrives at St John's Cathedral on the 150th anniversary celebration of Robert Morrison's arrival in Canton — first Protestant missionary in China. (Staff Photographer)
BELOW: Happy day at the Registry — Cyril Stratton and Lila Billington. Min Yuen Studio.



ALICE CLAYSON

Blue silk blue shawl and blue.

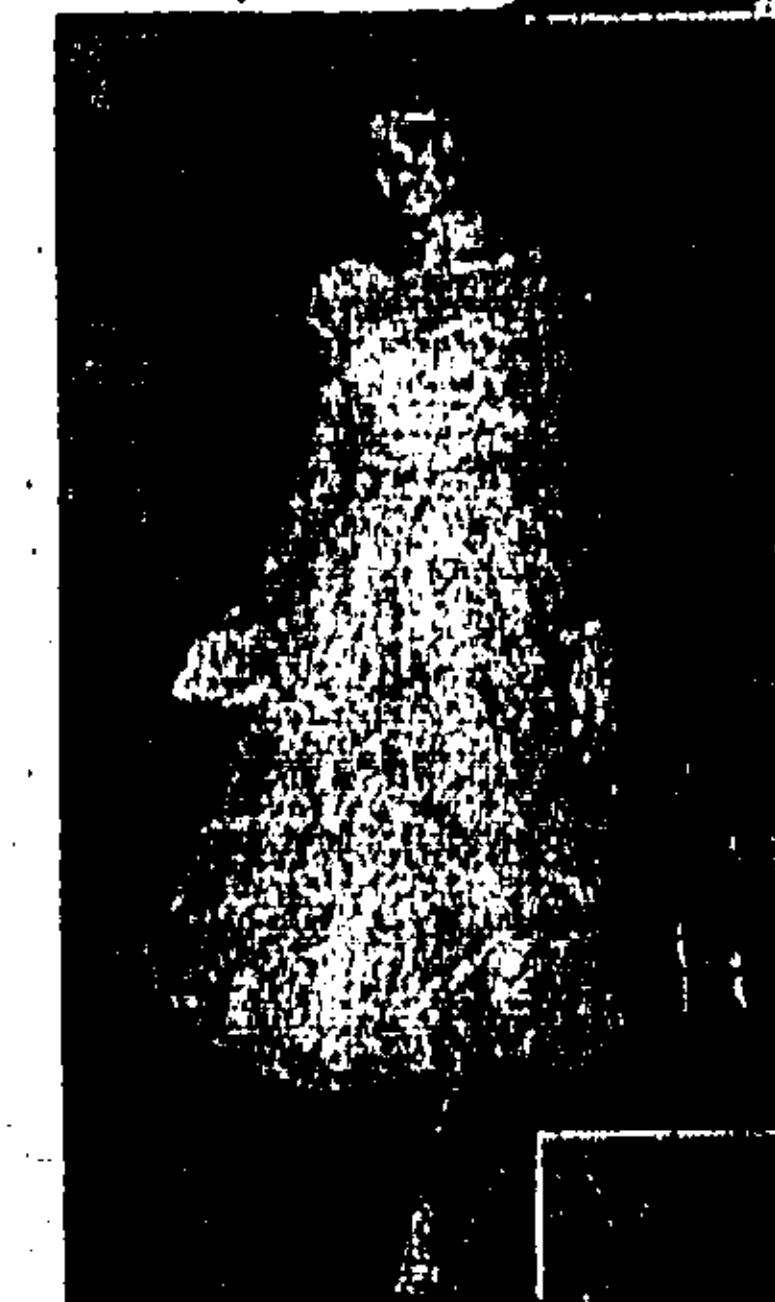
CLAIRE MARCHETTI

Horn rims and tartan taffeta



COLLEEN Anne Williamson SMITH

Blue and Pink



MISS HONGKONG IN SPECS: A novel competition — for the prettiest girl in glasses — was held in the Colony this week. Here are some of the pretty entrants of St Stephen's Girls' College, eldest daughter of Dr K. T. Betty Loke (RIGHT), formerly Loke, was declared the winner. At a dinner on Thursday night she announced that her first prize cheque of \$1,000, would go to the Hongkong Home for the Blind.

(Staff Photographer)



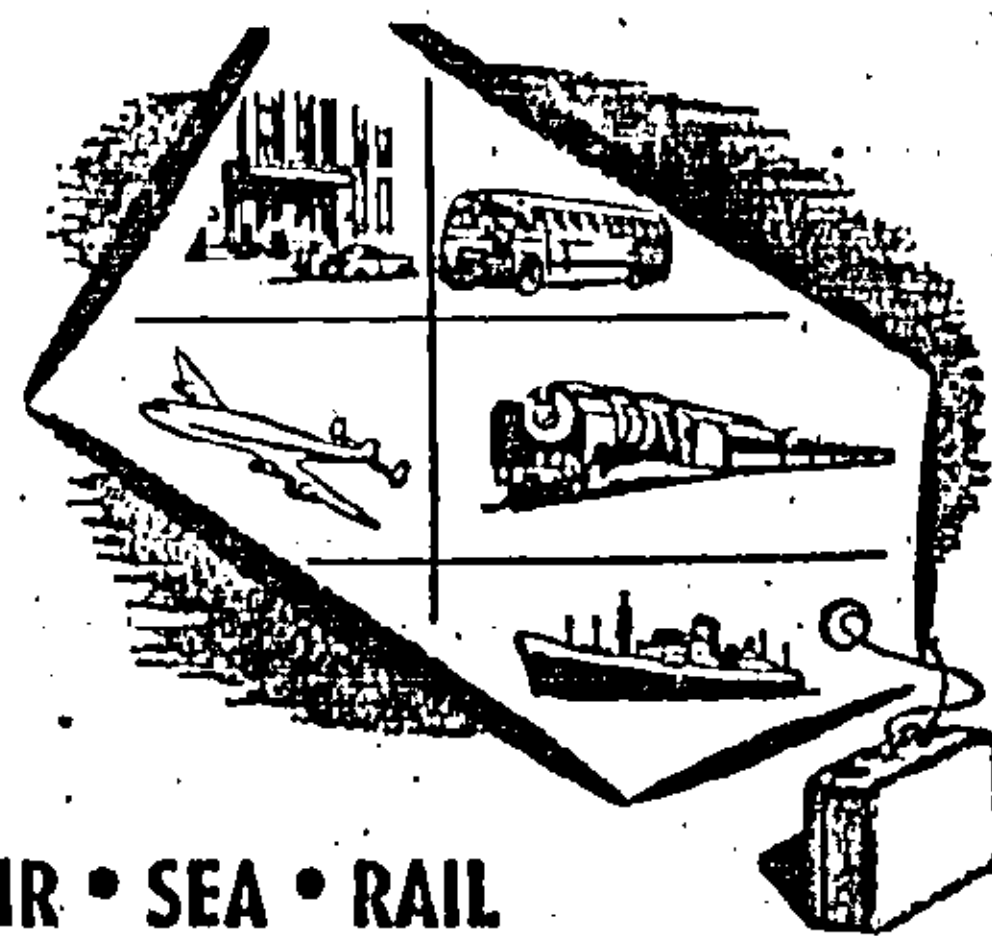
Kiki Rasmussen, white capped 15-year-old from Farnborough Hill College sails off with the Ladies' Open Championship and most of our photographer's film at the Ladies' Recreation Club.



Fellows of the Royal Photographic Society... Dr K. H. Wu, and Messrs Cheung Yu-chiu, Kan Hing-fook, and Ho Fan joined forces in a master photographers' exhibition of 160 of their most honoured prints. Above and Left... the crowd looks in. (Staff Photographers)



BOOK ALL YOUR TRAVEL



AIR • SEA • RAIL
HOTELS • TOURS
WORLD-WIDE

through

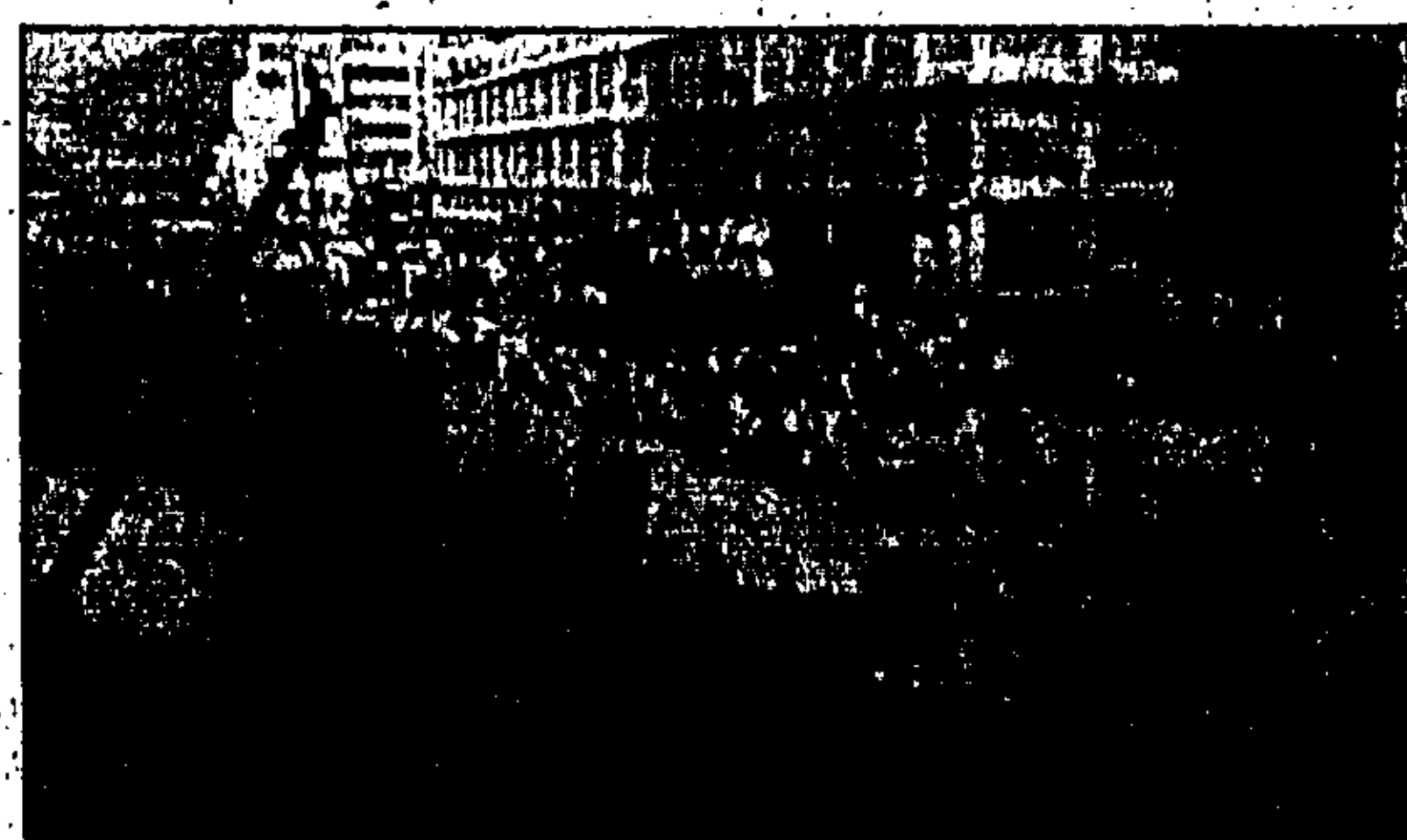
American Lloyd Travel Service Ltd.
Shell House Tel: 31175

"Extra Service at No Extra Cost"

Naval frogmen, Lt-Cdr A. Warner and Able Seaman R. Wigam, locate a submerged Morris Minor with a body inside just over the sea wall of Gloucester Road.

The owner, Mr Lai She-ming (38), laundry proprietor with a wife and five children, had been missing for six days after plunging over the sea wall during a drive after midnight.

(Staff Photographer)



PHILCO
AIR CONDITIONERS

On display at

GILMAN'S

GLoucester ARCADE TEL: 31180



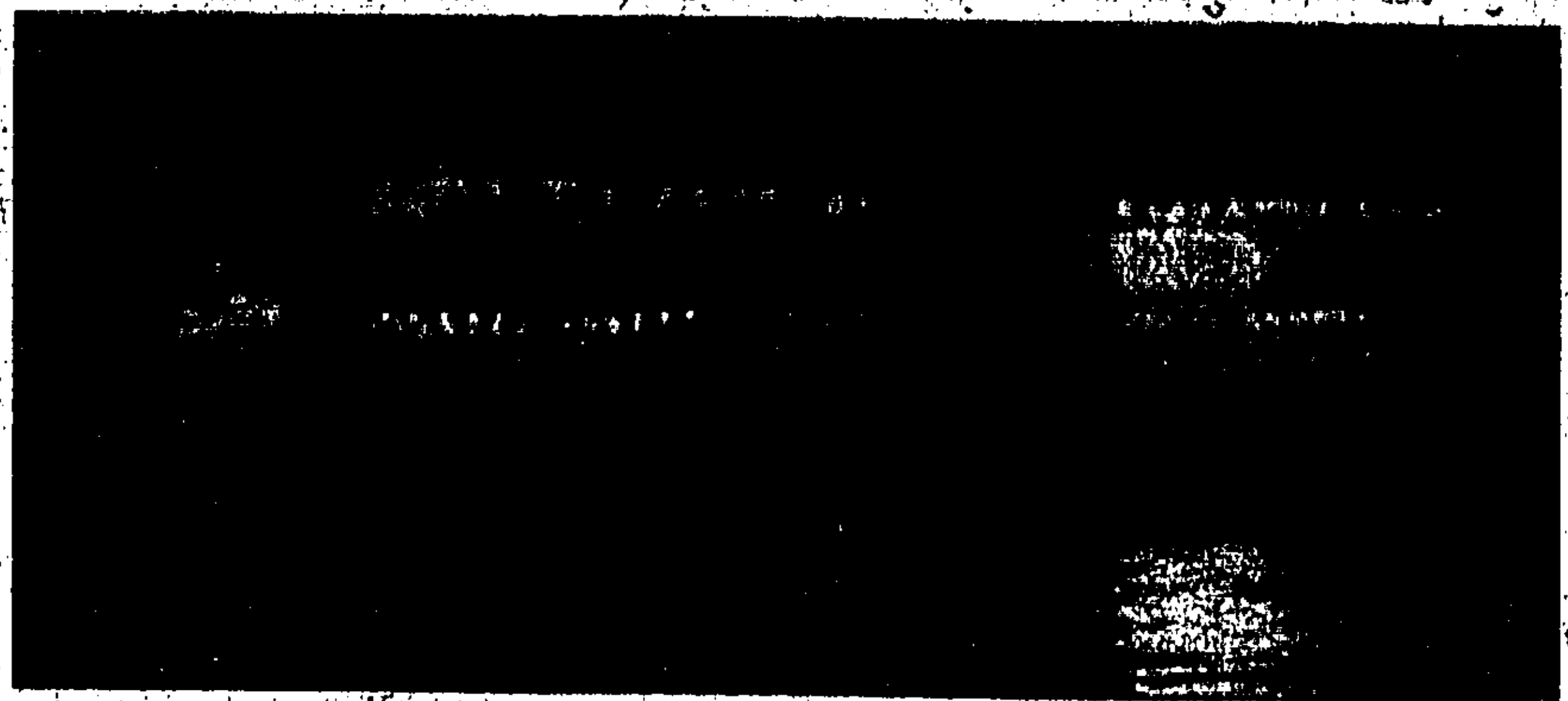
8TH CONFERENCE of the World Health Organisation (WHO)'s Western Pacific Committee.

LEFT: Lady Grantham is seen with Lady MacGillivray at an official reception for the 40 WHO delegates.

BELOW LEFT: Dr the Hon. G. Graham-Cumming, arrives on Hong-kong's Loper Island—Hay Ling Chau—for a tour with WHO.

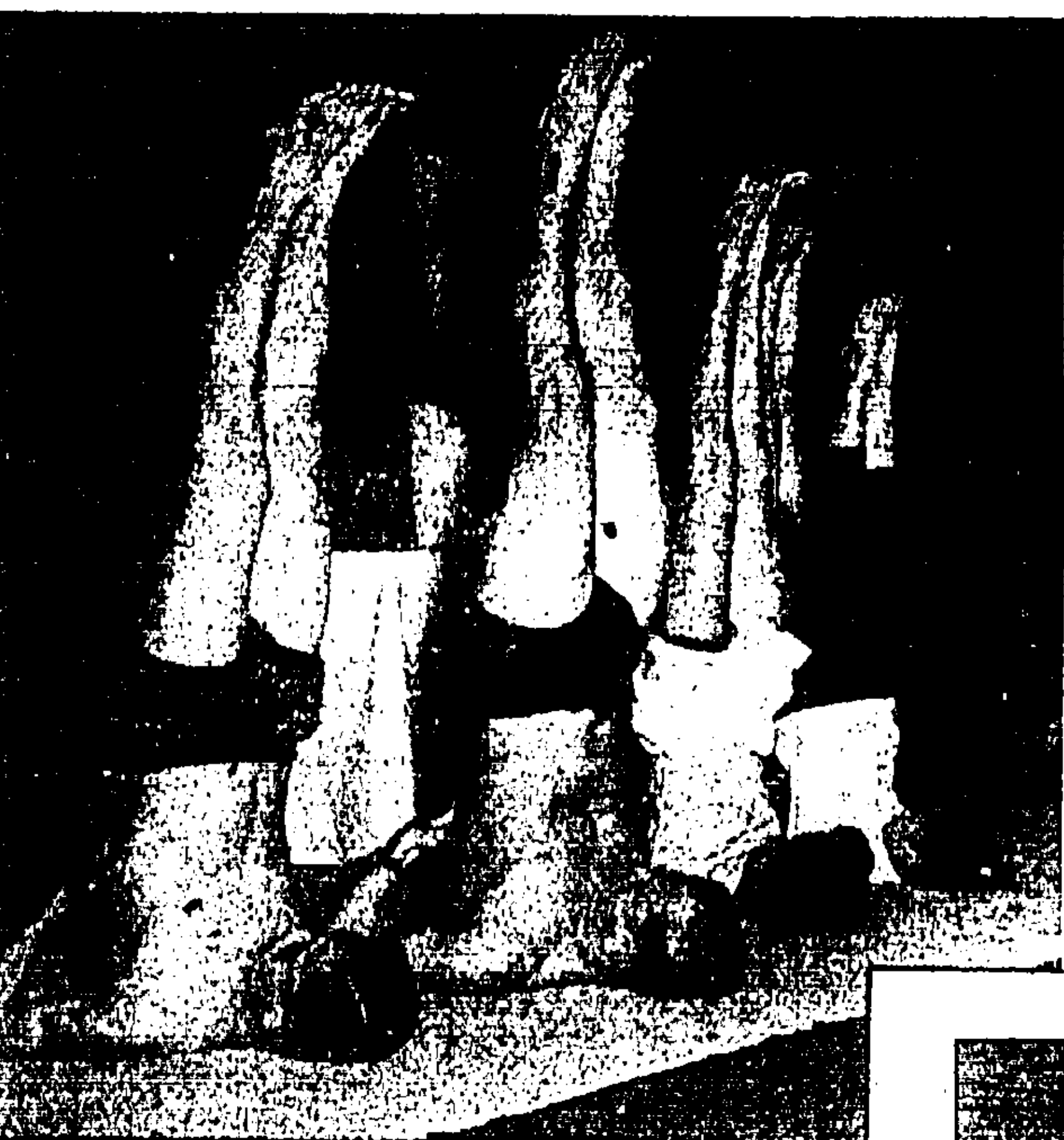
RIGHT: Sir Alexander with Dr N.D. Fraser, Superintendent of Hay Ling Chau; and (BELOW) with Mr and Mrs Charat Chaloomtharana and Mr and Mrs Tounghu Maimoen Habsjah.

BOTTOM RIGHT: Delegates meet at the Grantham Training College. (Staff Photographers).



ABOVE: Lights reflecting on the water as one of the ferry boats filled with people celebrating the Moon Festival pass down the harbour.

BELOW: A busy week for Miss Rosa Rosal. She is pictured here... at the British Military Hospital... 'at home' to photographers... and at the annual TIGERS v SCAMPS baseball game where she met Terry Endaya (only lady Scamp) and pitched the first ball of the game. (Staff Photographers)



BELOW & LEFT: Reception by the Divine Life Society to celebrate the 71st birthday of Swami Sivananda, their founder. President, is held with appropriate Yoga demonstrations at the Chinese General Chamber of Commerce. (Staff Photographers)



ABOVE: First shells of the season cut their way through the waters of Deep Water Bay for the regatta of the Victoria Recreation Club. Rowing was followed by a barbecue and dance.

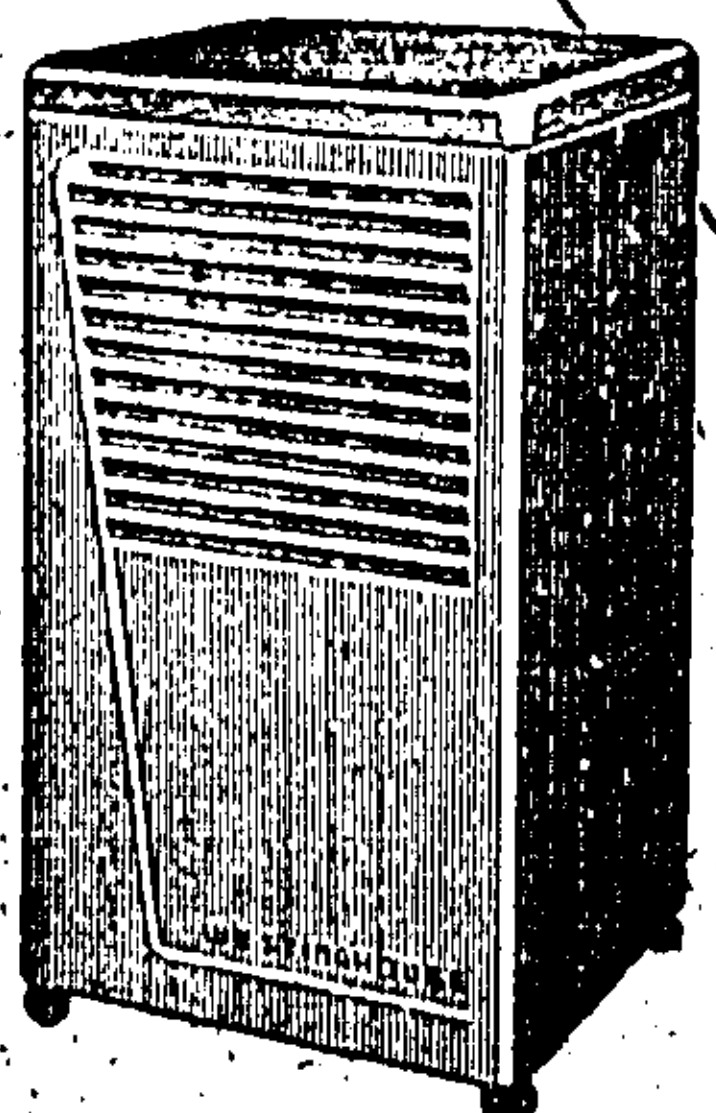
BELOW & LEFT: First hydro-electric power in Hongkong was switched on by Sir Alexander Grantham during a recent visit to the Roman Catholic "Trappist" monastery at Lantau. The system preceads electricity of the China Light and Power Company whose wires have already crossed the monastery valley on their way around the island. (Staff Photographers)



1957 Westinghouse

Dehumidifier

TAKES MOISTURE AWAY
... A BUCKET A DAY.



STOPS
MOISTURE
DAMAGE
ANYWHERE

- DRYING ROOMS
- GODOWNS
- UTILITY ROOMS
- BASEMENTS

YOU CAN BE SURE... IF IT'S
Westinghouse

DAVIE, BOAG & CO. LTD



MACKINTOSH'S
ALEXANDRA HOUSE

AHEAD OF THE WEATHER

Heavyweight Wool
SWISS SWEATERS.
Latest Continental Styling.

BLACK, MAROON, GREY.

On display in our
front windows.

GOOD CLOTHES • GOOD SERVICE

I've seen I.D.B. at work

A MAN DIGS UP A DIAMOND—THEN THE SMUGGLING RING THAT COVERS THE WORLD MOVES INTO ACTION...

BREAKING the silence of the steamy jungles of Sierra Leone is the click of picks and shovels that sound like woodpeckers at work.

Wielding the shovels, picks, and sieves are the "front" workers of the I.D.B. men—illicit diamond buyers.

From the villages and a few towns of Sierra Leone, a Crown Colony half the size of England and Wales, the people head for the jungles—for diamonds and smuggling.

It is believed that nearly £20,000,000 worth of diamonds a year are smuggled out of the Colony.

Behind the pick-and-shovel brigade is a highly-organised smuggling pipeline that stretches from the jungles via adjoining Liberia to Beirut in the Lebanon.

And from shady traders in Beirut the parcels of stones, each worth a fortune, often find their way into Russia.

There they do not adorn the necks of beautiful women.

There the diamonds become the cutting tools that help to make weapons of war, like the inter-continental ballistic missile.

And because Russia is deprived of access to normal diamond supplies, illicit diamond digging has become the major activity of the Colony.

So great has the illicit digging become that many more diamonds are smuggled out of the country than the big mining company takes out of its vast concession legally.

The company is London-based Sierra Leone Selection Trust, part of the Oppenheimer "ring" which keeps a tight grip on world diamond supplies and sales.

An 'army'

SIERRA LEONE is the one big leak in a world-tight "ring." It is a smugglers' paradise.

Roads virtually do not exist. Travel up-country to the diamond areas is hazardous, with the flimsy bridges over rushing rivers often swept away in the monsoon season which steams the country up into a Turkish bath atmosphere.

There is only a handful of police to keep track of the

well-organised diamond-digging and smuggling. It is a force quite incapable of controlling the ever-growing smuggling army.

The illicit diggings have brought roaring gold-rush boom times to remote mining towns. Africans who desert into the jungle to set themselves up as self-employed illegal diamond diggers quickly earn what for them are rich sums.

Yet they receive only a fraction of the real value of the stones.

The big money is made by the "middle men" who get the stones out of the country, travelling among the illicit diggings with case-loads of notes.

Syria-Liberia

THEY are largely Syrians, who virtually control the up-country trade of the Colony.

So highly organised is the racket that light aircraft land in secret jungle airstrips to ferry the stones out, mainly to the ramshackle Negro republic of Liberia.

I sat last year sipping lager in a bar in Liberia's capital, Monrovia.

My friend was the buyer for a famous American firm.

A shadowy character joined us—and in front of my eyes a parcel of stones was negotiated. Destination, New York. Jungle

For though the majority of stones find their way to the Middle East, America is still the

best diamond market for gem stones.

Reputable firms hate this illicit business but they have to compete with the less reputable ones.

Prices soar

THE smuggling boom has distorted the economy of Sierra Leone. Prices of shovels, picks, and sieves have rocketed. Food prices have soared as the hot money floods the country.

For the smaller fry the big buy is beer—and beer-crazed natives are part of the I.D.B. backwash.

But for the big operators or natives who strike it rich the popular buy is a big, black, shiny, new Hummer.

The diggers come into the sultry slum of Freetown—the only place of any size in the country—with battered suitcases stuffed with notes. They buy the cars for cash.

Often the newly rich cannot even drive the cars. Even TV sets are bought—for prestige purposes—for there is no TV in the Colony.

It is a common sight to see a mud hut with no lighting, heating or drainage proudly furnished with an enormous—and quite useless—refrigerator.

In an attempt to end the smuggling racket the Sierra Leone Government decided to make diggings legal if the claims were registered.

And to sell their stones legally to the official Oppenheimer "ring."

But the scheme has failed to work, for the illiterate workers

still prefer to go up country and dig illegally.

It is estimated that more than 30,000 out of a total population of 125,000 are engaged in I.D.B. activities.

Inflation has followed the flood of hot diamond money making life for law-abiding natives extremely difficult.

But the shadowy Syrian merchants are making fortunes. For one big stone, half the size of a matchbox, the African digger receives the local fortune of £200. That stone is worth £40,000 in America.

Sierra Leone's Government is powerless to stop the racket and despite many arrests of illicit diggers, the game still goes on.

A diamond expert in Freetown told me it would take a regiment of soldiers to stop the illicit diggings.

As always in these gold rush activities, outbreaks of violence follow as the tides.

TAILPIECE: Shares of the company owning the legal diamond concession fell 2s. 6d. the other day.

Taxation drove me from England from SAM WHITE, Geneva

IN one of those Swiss lakeside hotels to which a polyglot collection of aged rich retire, seemingly only for the purpose of dying as sumptuously as they have lived, I came across an old acquaintance, Professor Derek Jackson.

He was having tea in the inevitable hotel palm court lounge with his fiancée, who will shortly become his fourth wife.

She is an Englishwoman in her early forties (Jackson is 51) and she glows with a beautiful complexion and a charming gaiety of manner. Formerly Miss Constance Eyre, she is the widow of a German, Prince Ratibor, who died 10 years ago.

Like Jackson, she prefers to live out of England, and has visited the country twice since 1938.

OUT OF FOCUS

Jackson is a man whom it is terribly easy to get out of focus.

Because of his great inherited wealth, because of a certain boyish whimsy in his manner, because of his reputation as a steepchase jockey, because of the exuberance he shows in relaxation, it is easy to overlook or underestimate the most important thing about him.

The fact is that Jackson is a brilliant and delicate scientist, one of the great physicists of this age.

For financial reasons Jackson has just established his legal domicile in Switzerland, but in France, where he lives most of the year, he works for stretches of 10 hours a day without a break at the French National Centre of Scientific Research.

There he is engaged in pure research unburdened as he would be at a university by teaching duties.

Here in Switzerland he is completing a volume detailing his latest researches in spectroscopy.

Why does not Jackson come back and work in Britain? A man of extreme right wing political views, he told me: "Because I would be crippled by taxation. That is the effect British taxation has—it drives men like me out of the country."

MANDRAKE THE MAGICIAN

By Lee Falk and Phil Davis



JOHNNY HAZARD

By Frank Robbins



MIXES LIKE MAGIC
LUZCO
ICE CREAM
SIMPLY MIX.
CHILL,
WHIP
& FREEZE

AUSTIN!
THE CAR
for your
HOME LEAVE
METRO CARS (H.K.) LTD.

Relax with **LUX** Cigarettes

Acclaimed the world over for their superior quality and smoothly satisfying flavour

Here in Hongkong you too can now enjoy the luxury of Lux Cigarettes.

Sole Agents: SHEWAN TOMES & CO., LTD.

THIS WATCH WAS FLIGHT TESTED FOR YOU!

The Universal POLAROUTER, worn by all SAS flight captains.

Flight-tested accuracy is yours with the Universal POLAROUTER, the self-winding watch that keeps the flight captains of S.A.S. (Scandinavian Airlines System) on time in all parts of the world.

The success story of the POLAROUTER began on November 15, 1954. On that day, S.A.S. opened the top of the world to commercial aviation. Flying the direct transpolar route from Europe to the U.S. West Coast, S.A.S. flight chiefs needed a watch they could trust.

Universal, whose factory is the most modern in Switzerland, designed the watch and fittingly named it the POLAROUTER.

Today, some 10,000 flying hours and over 50 million passenger miles later, flight captains on the entire, worldwide S.A.S. network keep on time with Universal POLAROUTER watches. So can you.

And you will be wearing a watch that's as handsome and up-to-date as the sleek silver birds on which the POLAROUTER was flight-tested for you.

"POLAROUTER"
UNIVERSAL
GENEVE

Hong Kong Agents:
Anland Watch Co., 28 Des Voeux Road, C.
Rose & Co. Watch Co., 55 Queen's Road, C.
Tai Sang Watch Co., 104 Des Voeux Rd., C.
Bodden Watch Co., 104 Queen's Road, C.
Bul Watch Co., 77 Queen's Road, C.
Boswell Freres, 8 Pedder Street
Lam Tuen Fung Watch Co., 178 Des Voeux Road, C.
U.S.

Global protection:
The "POLAROUTER" has Universal Geneve's celebrated automatic movement: shock resistant, anti-magnetic and highly accurate.

TRY READING THIS WITHOUT MOVING YOUR EYES

by ROBERT PITMAN



HE is the man with the private cloud.

You can almost see it hovering above his thinning hair as he sits opposite you in the evening train.

He may be a bishop or a business executive or even a Junior Minister. But the cloud is always of standard pattern.

It is the sad, lonely little cloud which belongs to every man who knows that, before he gets to bed, he has got to push himself through three dense hours of reading.

Documents, research reports, white-papers. They can wear you to a bleak shadow. They can even kill—as they undoubtedly killed Ernest Bevin and Stafford Cripps.

But it is only lately that this modern problem of too much to read has been tackled in the modern way. By speed.

Learn to read twice as fast. You enjoy reading? Well, then—the experts reply—if you double the speed, there's twice as much enjoyment for you.

TRIP GAILY

Twice as many novels and articles. Twice as much Graham Greene. Even twice as much Ursula Bloom.

Already thousands of American business men have been spurred through quick-reading

courses by psychologists. In Britain there are reading efficiency classes at several technical colleges.

And now an expert has come forward to enable you to train yourself at home.

He is Mr. Harry Bayley, an educationalist who has taught the executives of Leyland Motors to trip gaily through thick engineering reports in half the usual time.

His new book *Quicker Reading* (Pitman, 21s.) is a complete five-day course in the art of just what the title says.

What briefly is the Bayley method? First cure yourself of a number of bad old faults.

FAULT NUMBER ONE is wandering your head from side to side as you read. If you clamp your head steady between your hands you will discover that your eye span is sufficient for the widest book.

FAULT NUMBER TWO is what speedman Bayley calls "vocalisation." It is a fault which makes him very cross.

It is not enough to keep your lips tight shut and refrain from muttering aloud. If you want to be a speedy reader it is essential to avoid even imagining the sounds of the words as your eye sees them.

FAULT NUMBER THREE is excessive eye-flicker. Your eyes only do the actual reading when they are not moving. The more they move, the slower you read.

At the moment, while you are plunging through this article your eyes are probably flickering in jerks along the line and then switching back to the beginning of the next line like the carriage of a typewriter.

AH! MUSIC

That is not necessary, according to the Bayley method. The meaning of an entire line can often be taken in at a glance.

Deal with newspapers, and with books too, eye-flicker is saved if you aim your eyes not at the first word in every line but at the second or even the third.

I recommend the Bayley method except that...

For Bayley carries his hatred of vocalisation a little too far. For example, he tells you to avoid sounding the words to yourself when you are reading the dialogue in a story.

That is nonsense. Half the enjoyment would be drained from most novels, whether by Arnold Bennett or Kingsley Amis, if you ignored the sound of what the characters say.

The same applies to Shakespeare, of course. And to other poetry. And—

poetry. And—after all, just think what a wealth of subtle word music you would lose if you read through Milton Shufman or Alan Hoby without vocalising.

COME OUT OF THE NURSERY



Hanging out the smalls

... and speak like an adult

A WOMAN I know goes through agonies whenever she buys Stilton. "Mild or tasty?" the grocer asks briskly. And my friend, who will not ask in a public place for a "tasty" anything, is driven to reply, "Not quite the mild, if you please."

A little roundabout. But it seems to be the only way of protesting against these coy, coy words that are being imposed on us by coy, coy people who would not even call a toy spade a toy spade.

Most of these coy words seem to have begun in the nursery. They come to vigorous, adult life in the women's magazines.

Pampered

High up on my list comes ELEVENSES. Granny Grove is gone, but eleveneses stays. When you hear a biologically mature man asking for his eleveneses, don't you feel like reaching for bib, rattle and high-chair?

When people talk about WOOLLIES I always feel they have cold little tootsies. If I think hard enough, the character of the wearer of woollies comes alive. She is a pampered, petulant little thing, screaming for AFTERS after eleveneses. She has to be petted before she can be coaxed into doing her SMALLS.

Ton's a dainty little word. But it immediately makes one suspect the worst. But is it always appropriate? Suppose the garments in question belonged to the owner of a FULLER FIGURE?

(But we must be careful here. She might be somebody's LITTLE WOMAN. A horrible man's word that. And I can't blame the little woman for hitting right back at the LITTLE MAN who does so many wonderful things for such little money.)

by V. S. NAIPAUL

the West Indian author of The Mystic Masses

The coyest

Of course, what drives the little woman with the fuller figure to the OUTSIDE SHOP is the fact she doesn't know how to pull in her stomach. Sorry, I meant TUMMY.

There's the coyest of all these coy words. The Oxford Dictionary says:

Tummy, noun (nursery). That's precisely where tummy and words like tummy should stay.

But perhaps you don't agree. Perhaps you approve of the Edwardian lady who called the mispronounced "Mademoiselle Voiture."

Why Tommy Is The Golden Boy

CYRIL STAPLETON'S COLUMN

A LONG Wardour Street there are those who would declare that to make a British musical film is to lay an outside egg at the box-office.

Yet the accountants have just finished totting up a figure that contains enough eggs to prove that Tommy Steele can give them the lie.

"The Tommy Steele Story" netted £100,000 profit—and that's only so far.

Looked at dispassionately, it is fantastic that Steele could have succeeded where so many have failed. Analyse the film, and the answer to the enigma just is not there.

THE SKELETON

IN the Skeleton Crossword the black squares and clue numbers have to be filled in as well as the words. Four black squares and four clue numbers have been inserted to give you a start. The black squares form a symmetrical pattern: the top half matches the bottom half and the two sides correspond. So you can fill in 10 more squares at once to correspond with those given.

ACROSS

1. Ireland's patron.
6. D's a mile an objection to the old instrument.
9. P's a rent to a c.e.o.m. modulation?
10. Is he always trying to rise?
11. L's a r'n from this writer.
12. Try to make clear what used to be quite obvious.
13. I have my rent altered, but am doing nothing.
14. Uniform means of locking the vehicle, so we hear.
15. They don't sound very interested in their directorships.
16. I have a certain value when I lose my temper.
17. Shot everybody inside for something to eat.
18. I'm a fool to accumulate.
19. Farewell to the people you met in France.
20. Not this, you observe.
21. Is a note required to establish that it was once independent?
22. Show consideration in one particular.

DOWN

1. When you join in you take a role and as one might anticipate.
2. Figures to treat about.
3. Only a small piece of land is allowed.
4. Having this you can't help taking other things.
5. Comes down rather heavily on the new field.

6. He's crazy to get the engine going.
7. It could be all up for her.
8. Where the law is laid down to the people involved with the racket?
14. Result of removing most of the protection.
16. Under which you may keep a confidence.
19. You'd expect a girl to chance with gym to follow.
20. Where Germans eat in their carrels enthusiasm.
21. Makes no progress in the surety business.
22. She had a change of oil on May 8, 1945.

FRIDAY'S SOLUTION

DOWN
1. When you join in you take a role and as one might anticipate.
2. Figures to treat about.
3. Only a small piece of land is allowed.
4. Having this you can't help taking other things.
5. Comes down rather heavily on the new field.

THE WHITE ALOOFNESS OF THE SNOWY PEAKS

OUT OF THE NIGHT

by Hugh Merrick. Published by Robert Hale, 10/6.

... a memorable picture

THIS is quite definitely a book for those who go up the mountains with ropes. The Author, Hugh Merrick, is a writer with a splendid eye for detail, and has vivid descriptive powers.

In other words, he is at his best when he deals with what he knows; he is less happy when he tries to write in a background theme on what he does not know. Therefore, the book falls into two parts leading to the climax which describes tragedy on the mountain slope.

Hugh Merrick seems considerably influenced by Henry. The title you will recognise is taken from Henry's poem. So is the theme of the subjective part of the book, for it has Sir Arthur Hennessey considerably bowed beneath the bludgeoning of Fate.

The reader feels he has had to accept too much, and even if he has, the tragedy is made to read like a newspaper report. As a contrast, the part of the tale which describes Hennessey returning to the Alps to recapture his earlier pulse is finely told. The result is an unwearying composition.

Read this: If he went back to the mountains, even if he went alone, might he not in some way recapture something that was missing.

Notice the presentation, almost the sermon mood. Contrast that with the things with which the writer is on common ground.

"Minutes seemed to pass as the rope ran out unheeded till suddenly the full force of the fallen man's weight plucked his unsecured companion from his steps. With a sickening jerk it catapulted him clear of the mountainside in a wide, high arc, his living body outlined suicidally against the glacier levels."

That is good writing, and the greater part of the book is full of it. I read it in one sitting, but even now I still retain the first impression that Hugh Merrick sought around for a theme

through which he could express the experiences he has himself experienced as a climber.

The Author has Hennessey fight out his last battle with Fate upon the mountain top. There it is Hennessey proves that his head is "bloody but unbowed." But the reader is not convinced, and I think Hugh Merrick could have told the tale without such an introverted theme.

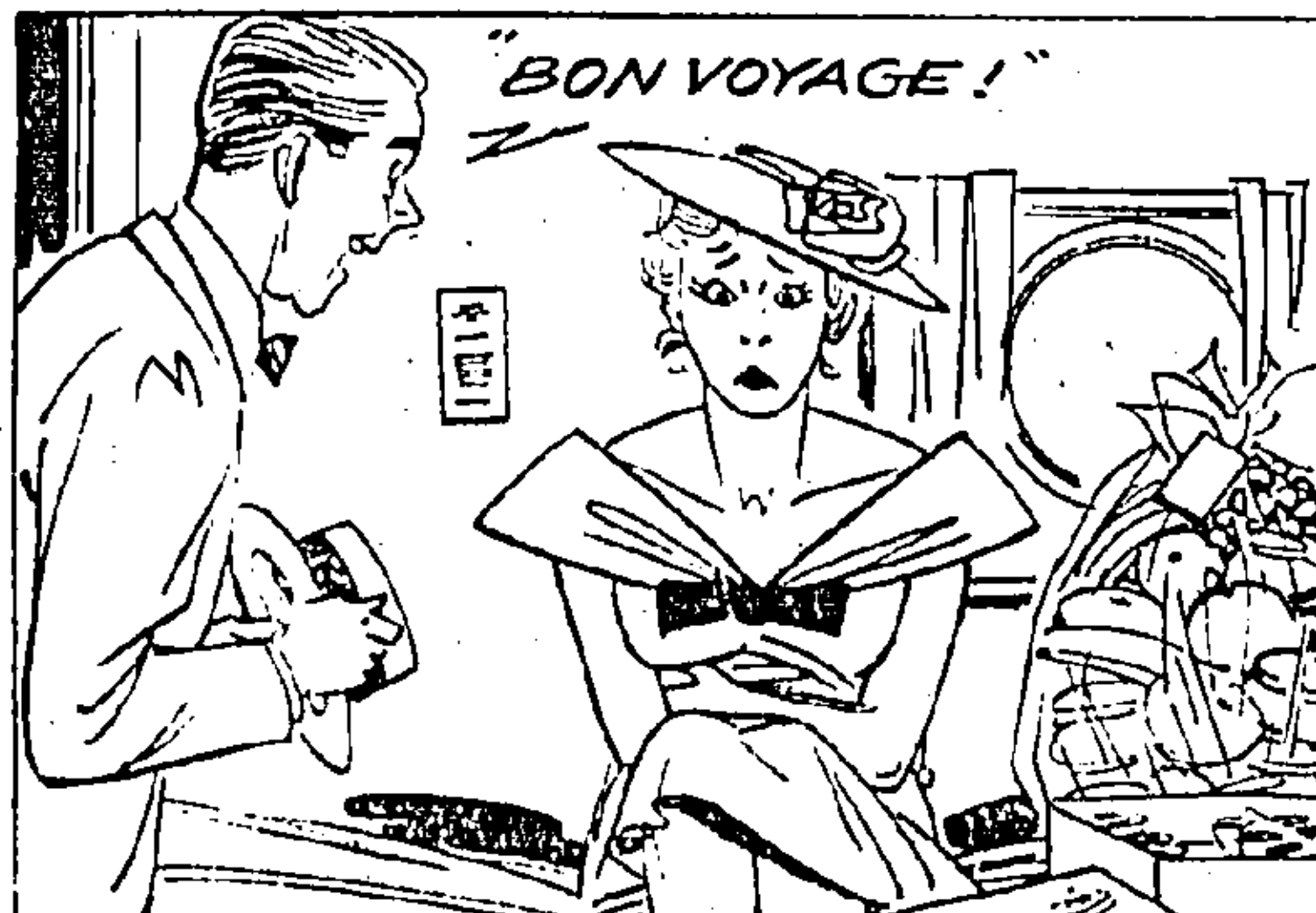
The reader who delights in the great outdoors will welcome the book for its authentic tone, and will doubtless climb and descend that difficult last slope with the unhappy Hennessey. The suspense is well maintained, and the white aloofness of the snowy peaks forms a memorable picture.

J. L.

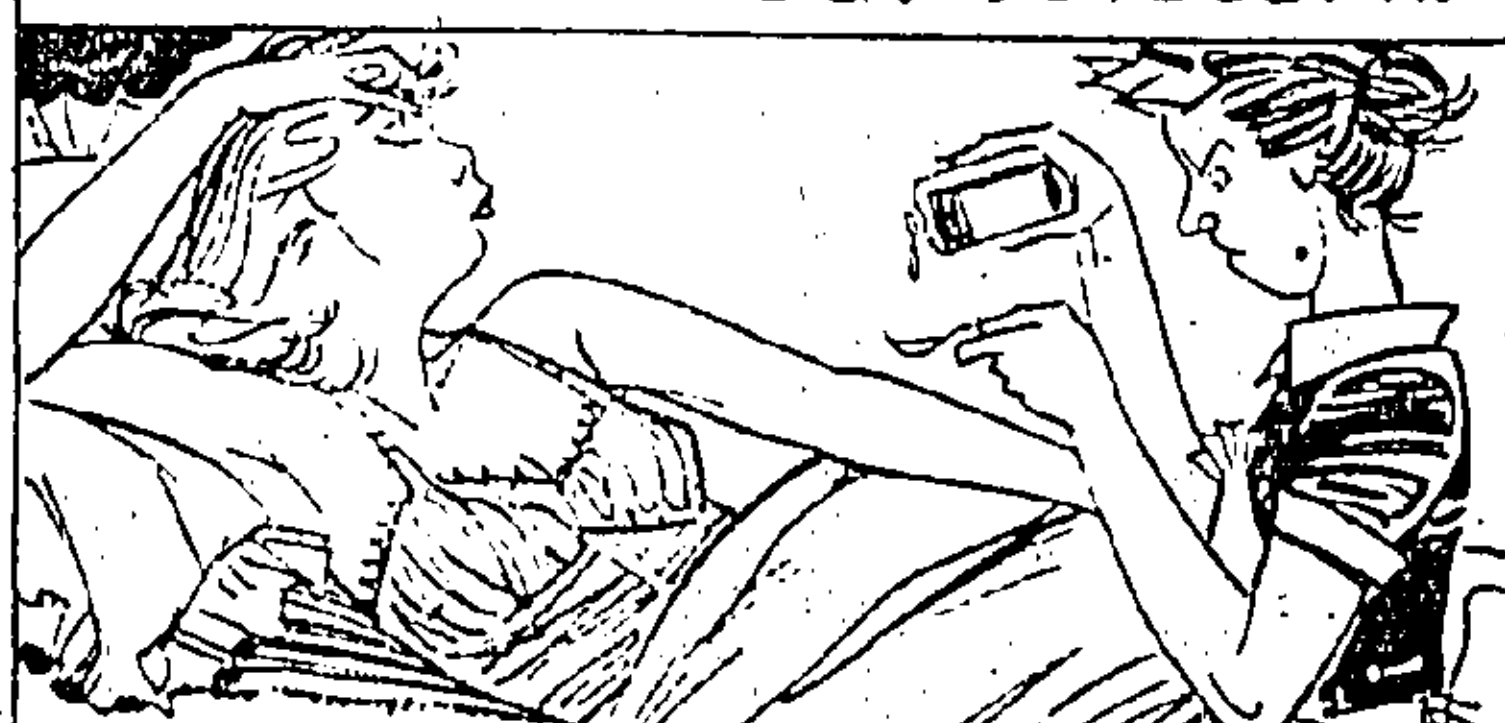
VIGNETTES OF LIFE

Seasick Symptoms

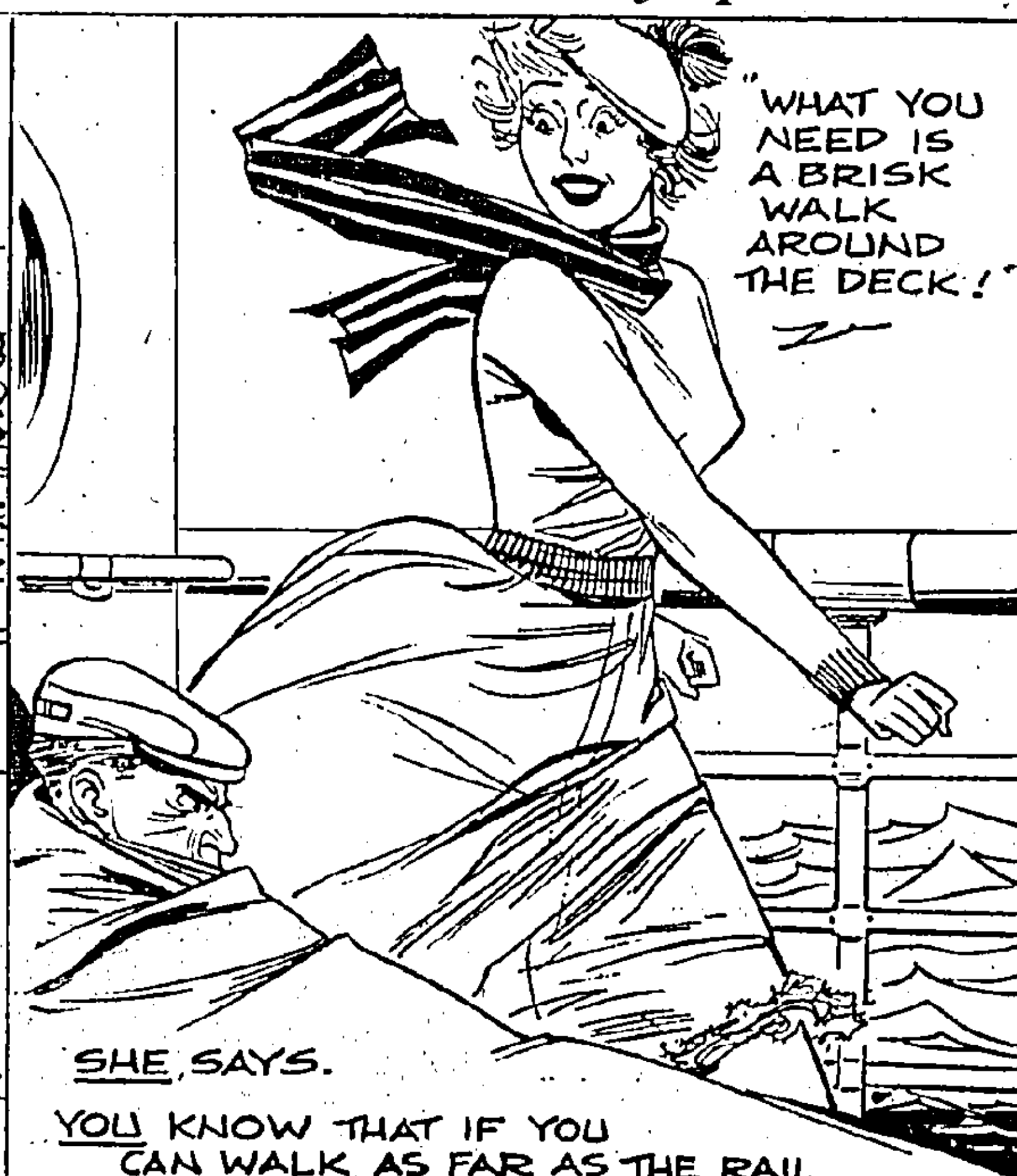
By Harry Weinert



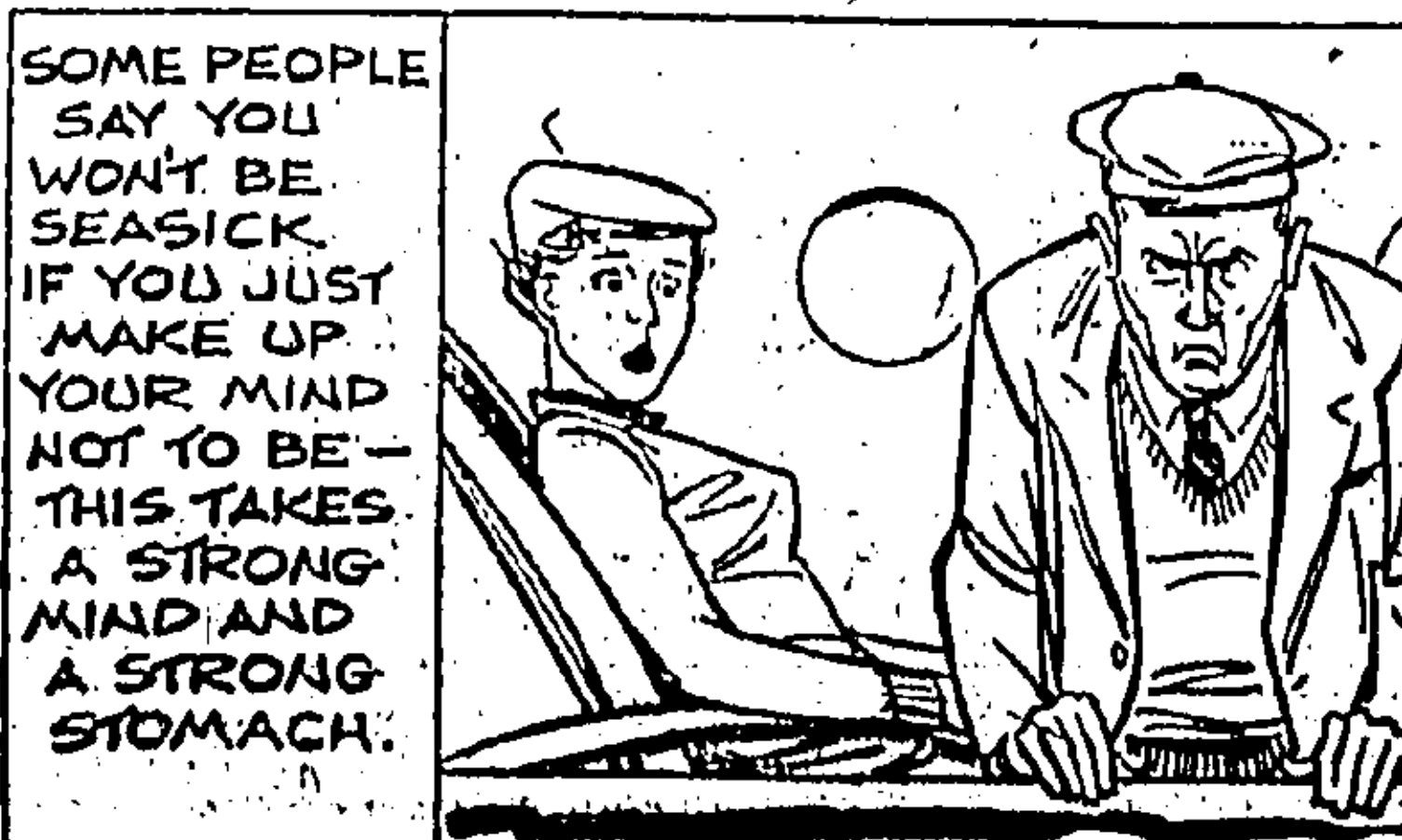
SOME OF THEM START TO FEEL QUEER BEFORE THE SHIP LEAVES THE DOCK—THERE'S NOTHING YOU CAN DO ABOUT IT.



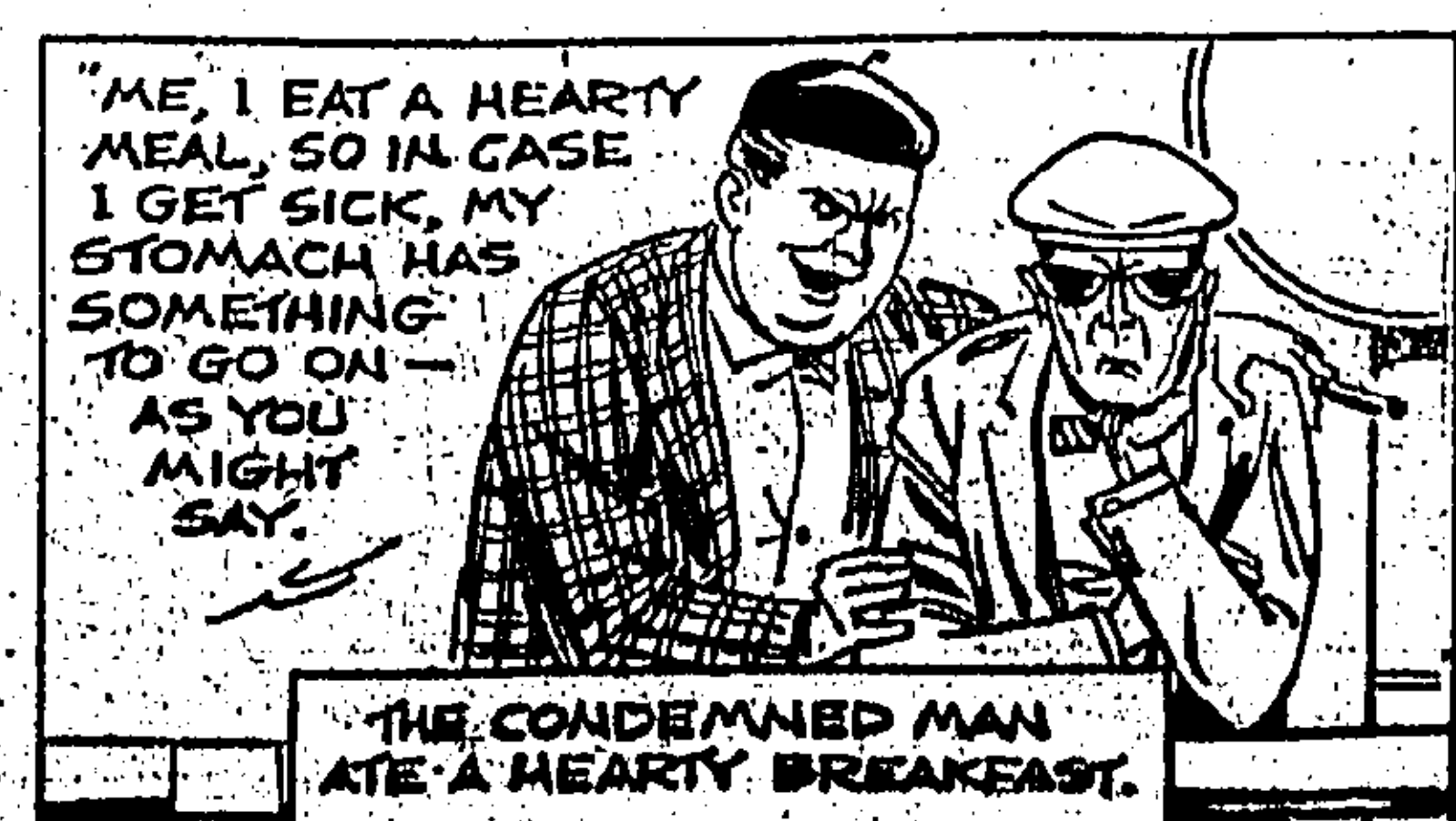
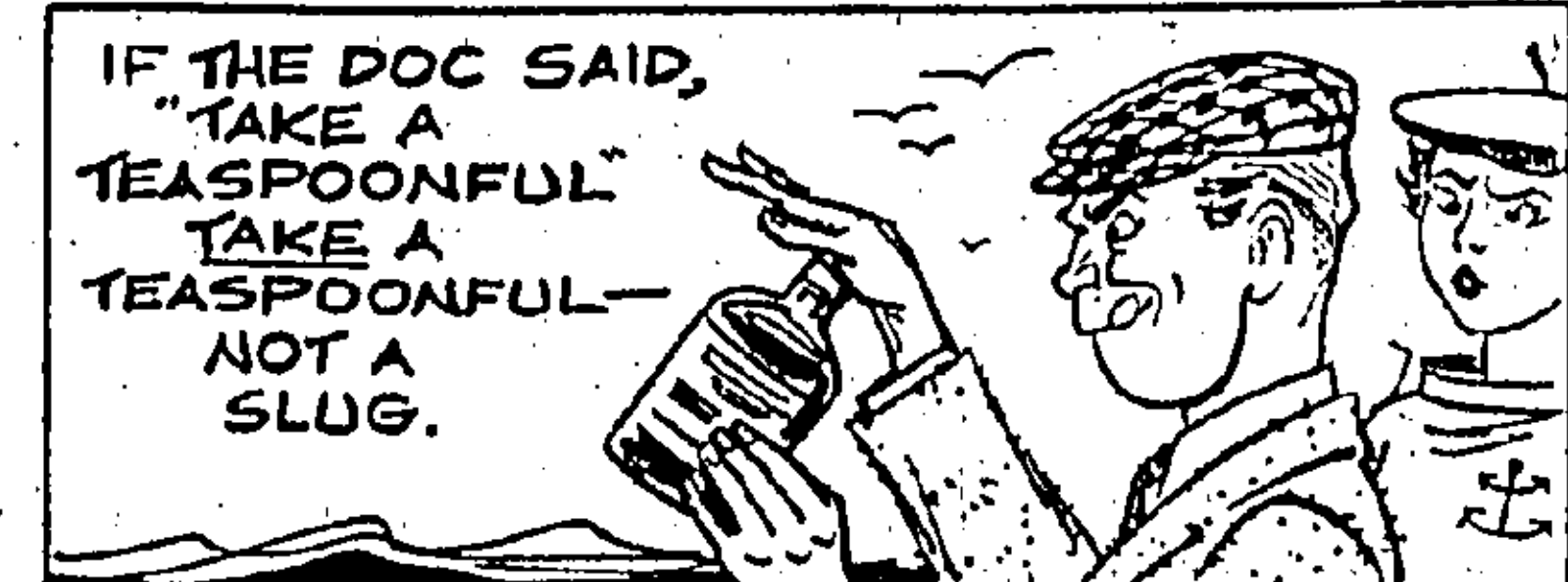
OTHERS WOULDN'T DREAM OF GETTING SEASICK—HOWEVER, THEY DON'T OBJECT TO A SLIGHT CASE OF MAL DE MER.



SHE SAYS.
YOU KNOW THAT IF YOU CAN WALK AS FAR AS THE RAIL YOU'LL BE DOING GOOD.



AN OUNCE OF PREVENTION...



THE CONDEMNED MAN ATE A HEARTY BREAKFAST.

MY BREAKDOWN:

STORY CONTENT: Tommy, at the age of 20, has had practically no life to film.

MUSICAL CONTENT: None of the 13 songs he sang in the film became a hit.

STAR APPEAL: On the acting side there are, no names apart from Tommy.

PRODUCTION STANDARDS: It was made on a budget that would barely have got Mike Todd round the Inner Circle, let alone round the world in 90 days.

None of this, apparently, kept the cash customers away. They seem determined to promote their Cinderella-man into the Prince-of-Players class.

All that is needed, it seems, are durable vocal cords, a toothy grin, a guttural, and a Cockney accent. Or, to put it another way, a barely have got Mike Todd round the Inner Circle, let alone round the world in 90 days.

A habit

TRUMPET-PLAYING band-leaders seem to make a habit of marrying blonde bombshells.

Harry James, you may recall, married Betty Grable. Ray Anthony walked off with one of Hollywood's newer pin-ups, Mamie Van Doren. The other day I renewed acquaintance with Ray at dinner. It was a somewhat duller meal than at our last meeting. Then, we had supper with Mamie at the Coconut Grove in Los Angeles.

Why no Mamie on his first trip to England?

"Who," demanded Ray, "would pay any attention to me if Mamie were here?" (He is here on a fact-finding tour.)

Since marriage, there has been some moping of their careers. Ray has put in appearances in films—"Daddy Long Legs" with Fred Astaire and, more recently, "This Could Be The Night," with Jean Simmons. And Mamie, like Ray, now records for Capitol Records.

"She's going to be a great singer one day," he told me. Such a talented spouse could well threaten Anthony's status as the family provider. And one of her future plans are more records, a vocal date in Las Vegas at \$6,000 dollars (\$2,850) a week and a film in Italy.

New look

RAISE a cheer for the three British gals who may bring a New Look to the men-dominated record charts—Winifred Atwell, Lita Roza, and someone you may have never heard of—Betty Smith.

Winifred has come up with another bright idea on "Street in Sorrento," a gay musical novelty. She sent a copy of the records to the Mayor of Sorrento, and that enterprising gentleman is writing personally to the world's disc-jockeys.

Presumably he will demand in the name of justice that they include Winifred's disc in their programmes as a tribute to the attractions of the Sorrentine Peninsula.

Lita Roza has produced what those in the know are calling her best effort of a very successful ballad entitled "Don't Change." And if you think that our girls just can't compete with their American cousins listen and admit you were wrong.

Betty Smith plays that most unadmirable instrument, the tenor saxophone—and so very much better than you would guess. Her efforts in that direction will not evoke half as many compliments, though, as her appeal as a singer.

Her version of the oldie, "There's a Blue Ridge Round My Heart, Virginia," should appeal equally to the teenagers of the 'twenties and the cool cats of the 'fifties. Not an easy gap to bridge.

Mum's battle

IT looks like being the battle of the Mums on the song "Tammy"—in this country anyway.

Mrs Eddie Fisher (Debbie Reynolds to you) is the mother of a bouncing girl and has pushed her recording of "Tammy" into first place in the American Best Selling Charts. Kathie Kay, mother of three sons, is the British protagonist.

I have nothing against Debbie, but I hope honour in the duel goes to Kathie. There is something winning about a Mum who refuses surrender because she puts her children first.

Kathie is known as the biggest commuter in the British pop world. She has flown 10,485 miles in trips from her home in Glasgow to Amst recording, broadcasting and TV dates in one month.

But will she settle in Town? Never.

A SPORTING ACHIEVEMENT THE LIKE OF WHICH THIS COLONY MAY NEVER SEE AGAIN

REMINISCENCES OF THE OLYMPIC GAMES

By DAN FERRIS

New York.

During my 50 years' association with amateur sport, I have witnessed many thrilling performances. To enumerate all of them would consume more space than has been allowed for today's column.

The Olympic Games, as might be expected, have produced many of these spine-tingling performances which remain as vivid in my memory now as the day they were made. The Olympic Games in Stockholm in 1912, probably because it was my first Olympics, made a lasting impression on me and the 800-metre race at those Games gave me one of my greatest thrills.

The US had qualified Mel Sheppard of New York, the favourite to win. The Davenport of the Chicago AA, Dave Caldwell, the Lynch, the farmer, the Edmundson, recently retired as track coach at the University of Washington, H. N. Putnam, of the University and James E. (Ted) Meredith, the Mercedbure Army schoolboy star (AT) from time each country was permitted to enter and start 12 representatives).

Hans Braun, the great German middle distance runner, was regarded as our most dangerous rival. Mike Murphy, the coach of the US team, had told Meredith to set the pace. However, Sheppard and Meredith agreed between them that the one getting the best start would go out and set the pace for the first 400 metres and here Meredith moved up and took over the pace with Braun on his shoulder.

Meredith was expecting Sheppard to come on and pass him just in the bend but when he found himself in the lead with 100 metres to go instead of Sheppard it was the German, Braun who tried to pass him in the home stretch. This was an unexpected change in the plans. If Sheppard had come up on Meredith's shoulder at that point, he would have allowed

him to pass as Ted considered him the best man in the race. However, he made up his mind that he would not let the German pass him and he didn't.

RECORD TIME

As a result, Meredith raced across the finish line in first place in world record time. The final sprint by Sheppard and Davenport carried them past Braun and they finished second and third. That was a race full of thrills from start to finish as it was not run according to plans.

My greatest thrill at the Olympic Games in Melbourne last year was Tom Courtney's victory in the 800-metre race. When Tom took the lead, I relaxed, believing he would not be overtaken before crossing the finish line. I guess Courtney felt the same way about it at that time.

However, the situation changed almost immediately as Derek Johnson, the fine British 110-metre hurdler, started his sprint and passed Anne Sowell of the U.S. and then Courtney. This was a most exciting moment. My heart started thumping as I sat up in my bed to get a better view. (I was witnessing the race on TV from bed in St.

Vincent's Hospital Melbourne, where I was confined with pneumonia).

INCH BY INCH

A thrilling feeling raced up and down my spine as Courtney, calling upon a reservoir of power and with a super-human effort, cut down Johnson's slight lead inch by inch and hit the tape a winner by inches. For me that was one of the most exciting moments during the 1956 Olympics.

I had much the same feeling at the 1928 Olympic Games in Amsterdam, Holland, where Ryo Barbuti, who started for Syracuse University in track and field and football, turned defeat into victory in the 400-metre championship. Five yards from the finish line, I lost hope for a US victory as Jim Ball of Canada was in the lead and seemed to be full of running.

However, we were overlooking Barbuti's fighting spirit and the will to win. He drew up on even terms with Ball in the last few yards of the race and then threw himself at the tape and landed flat on his face. This gave the US its first and only flat race victory in the 1928 Olympic Games. — United Press.

MacTavish Doffs His Topper To Raoul Luz

The MacTavish topper, gleaming after its summer sojourn in cold storage, is doffed in a sweeping salute to the Colony's grandest veteran, Raoul Luz... let's put it in capitals — **RAOUL LUZ.**

Sixty-three years young, this magnificent lawn bowler has put a wonderful seal on his colourful career by winning the Colony Lawn Bowls Singles Championship at an age when most normal men have long ago decided to take things easy.

I sat at the side of the green during Raoul's final match against U.A. Rumlahn at the Hongkong Cricket Club last Sunday and I could not but marvel at the fitness and concentration of this white-haired gentleman sportsman who has graced the greens of our Colony so honourably for so long.

It was never a great game as finals go, but few could escape the feeling that lawn bowls history was being made right before our eyes and, when on the 19th head Raoul collected three shots to regain the title which he first won 28 years ago, I felt a new kind of respect for this little veteran.

His was not just a victory over a very capable opponent; it was a sporting achievement the like of which we may never see again.

WITH DISTINCTION

Raoul Luz has, of course, already won the Colony's colours with distinction in international competition. During the last Empire Games at Vancouver his studied play and unshaken understanding of lawn bowling tactics won him the admiration of colleagues and opponents alike... and praise for his forceful play and exemplary sportsmanship was accorded from all sides.

When future generations read through the official record books they will see the same winning name again: the 1929 and 1957 Championships and I have no doubt some of the readers will give a knowing nod and say, "Like father, like son." How can they be expected to realize that 28 years could separate the two halves of a wonderful double? This would seem to be an excellent time to throw convention to the four winds and add the words "the same" after the 1957 entry in the record book. What a wonderful thing it would be to be able to hop into

the future and listen to some of the remarks which the achievement of Raoul Luz might inspire. One can almost hear the question... the inevitable question: "I wonder what sort of man this little fellow was, imagine winning the Singles title twice with a span of 28 years in between... must have been quite a character."

If the "bridge of time" was still open we could supply the answer. We could tell the future that he was a fine bowler, a fine sportsman and, above all, a gentleman who was a credit to the game he played so well for so long.

Swissessss... the MacTavish Topper is doffed indeed.

MAJOR BLOW

In two weeks' time Hongkong will go into action against Japan in an international fencing match and it is distressing to have to report that, virtually on the eve of this top class sporting event, the Hongkong Amateur Fencing Association has suffered a major blow to their team selection plans.

Brilliant young Hung Hui-to, Colony Champion at Arms for the past two years, has had to withdraw from the match. It seems that he is enthusiastic about fencing but has been taking just a little bit too much out of himself and now the doctors have stepped in and ordered him to rest completely for a few weeks.

Naturally the severity of this medical advice has come as a great shock to the Colony's most accomplished young swordsman, but it is a consolation to him that his disappointment is shared not only by his fencing colleagues, but also by sportsmen throughout Hongkong.

From every side comes the wish that he will soon be absolutely fit again. He will be sorely missed in the meantime.

It is interesting to hear that the Japanese fencers have been building up an imposing record during their tour in Europe. In the University Games they beat Great Britain in the foil and followed that up by disposing of Portugal in the epee.

The Japanese fencers were then unlucky enough to be drawn against the Hungarian team, for not only did the mid-European defeat Japan but they went on to win the competition.

FIRST RATE
This, of course, confirms our earlier knowledge that the Japanese fencers are a first rate combination and it is just as well that the Hongkong selectors are able to call on a very powerful team to tackle them at the Lake Yew Hall on September 21.

The Colony will be represented by the following swordsmen:

SPORTS QUIZ

1. Christian names please: Fungio, Puskas, Perez, Hard.
2. Next year the world soccer championship will be decided. Which country are the present champions?
3. MCC are the initials of a famous English cricketer. Name please.
4. What sports do these clubs pursue: Incegniti, Barbarians, Achilles and Juventus?
5. The Derby is a race for two-year-olds, three-year-olds or four-year-olds?
6. Which sports have (a) a blue line (b) a base line?
7. From whom did Rocky Marciano win the world heavyweight title?
8. When were the first modern Olympics held, and where?
9. Who won the men's doubles at Wimbledon this year?
10. Sporting anagram: BOYBB OKLEO: TREP MYA: ONYT BRAERTT. (Answers See Page 17)

FLAT OUT ON THE SALT FLATS

By STIRLING MOSS

On the Salt Lake Flats, Bonneville, Utah, Stirling Moss, driving an MG, has just broken five world records for 1,500 c.c. cars. Here he describes his first experience of driving at speeds approaching 250 m.p.h.

I have never seen so much salt in my life. There is 500 million tons of it at Salt Lake, spread over 3,000 square miles. And it is all very slippery. Put technically, salt has a friction coefficient of .3 against the ordinary tar road's .8. In either case, the figure goes sharply down in the wet.

It was dry the day I arrived at Salt Lake, but it rained heavily in the night. The eleven-mile course—five miles to run up, one mile for the record, five miles to stop—was impossible in the morning. We waited four days. In the end, though it was still damp, I decided I had to go. The Hot Rod Club were coming in to hold a race meeting, and it was a case of now or never.

First I did a trial run at 110 m.p.h. The main idea of this was to warm the back axle and gearbox. At the other end we changed the engine and tyres, and I decided to make my first record attempt on the way back.

Before buttoning me into the cockpit (I could turn my head 100 more than a few inches each way without touching the sides) the officials gave me my maximum revs: 7,000 in this case, or roughly 250 m.p.h. The weather was fine, and there was only a very slight run wind—no more than five to seven m.p.h.

As I went off I knew I would not be able to put my foot down hard in first or second gear. The wheel-spin was fantastic, much worse than any racing car. My wheels were only fifteen inches, and the tyres had a common surface with the ground of only five to six square inches each. Dunlop had done a remarkable job in producing them. Each was at a pressure of no less than 65 lb.

By the time I was into the measured mile I knew I was going very fast indeed; not so much from the salt track (though that was going by pretty fast) as by the totally different feel of the car. It was quite stable, but very delicate to handle. It let you know by sense, rather than anything else, how quickly you were going.

PREVIOUS SPEED
My previous speed limit had been some 195-198 m.p.h. at Monza in the 16-cylinder B.M.W. But the B.M.W., though not an easy car to drive, was conventional in design. That is, it had an open cockpit and the usual racing wheels and tyres.

There was no question of steering the MG in the usual sense; it was rather a question of guiding, or "whispering" it along the correct line. The officials had impressed on me that if the car began to wander I should on no account fight it, but let it go, even if it meant going three miles off course. It would have taken literally miles to pull up from top speed, and the braking, as always in record attempts, was very rudimentary—one nine-inch disc brake in the middle of the back.

axle. This compares with four on a racing car or, indeed, on any ordinary family car.

But in any case I had no intention of putting that brake on hard. My tyres had a tread only one millimetre thick, and I could have gone through them in a few seconds. Thicker treads would peel like the side of a banana at the speed I was attempting.

There was not a lot of noise; in fact the engine was quite dull—quieter than many racing cars; and there was not much whine from the supercharger. But there was a sensation of rushing wind and a slight trace of petrol fumes, especially when I switched off the engine. This, by the way, I did three miles from the end of the run. In an engine as highly stressed as this it is a bad thing to "lift off" for too long. Yet it is basically the 1,500 c.c. MG unit, supercharged, with many standard components.

At one point I hit some soft salt, which gave a similar sensation to crossing a tramline in ordinary driving. But I was frightened, because I was not in control as I would have been in a racing car. I remember thinking: "What am I doing here? Let's get out and let someone else have a go." But on my third run, if not exactly enjoying myself, I found it quite an interesting experience.

MY BEST SPEED

My best speed was 245.04 m.p.h. for the flying kilometre. It is an extraordinary one for a 1,500 c.c. car, and the very quick motoring of sports cars in general this season (notably Tony Brooks in the Aston-Martin at the Nurburgring) has prompted some people to wonder if there is any future for Formula 1 racing. Wouldn't sports cars be equally exciting? Grand Prix calculations have lent weight to this doubt.

I believe Formula 1 will continue. In the last analysis, a Formula 1 car will go just that bit faster, and it is what the public have come to regard as the epitome of motor-racing. I also believe that Formula 2 is going to be more fashionable, though it is still not so popular with drivers or public, but Maserati have no Formula 2 car yet, and Ferrari only one or two.

Let BULOVA be your timekeeper every hour of the day



A Winner amongst the lovelies 'MISS AMERICA' 17 Jewel precision accuracy Matching Expansion bracelet unbreakable mainspring

As important in the world of Time as in the world of Men 'SENATOR' 17 Jewel precision accuracy Luxury Expansion band Shock resistant Unbreakable mainspring

POP



Anvil chorus



PRECIOUS DROPS FOR PRECIOUS MOMENTS. CHERRY HEERING

THE PLACE FOR AUTHENTIC INDIAN CURRIES & DELICACIES.

Fully Air-conditioned & Newly re-novated.



AT BOMBAY RESTAURANT.

19, Prat Avenue, Kowloon. (Near Grand Hotel)

Telephone: 67620/60655 for reservations.



First in fashion. Pioneer's lighter-looking, cooler-looking belt style—a trim, thin line to circle your waist in color. Put this belt in your wardrobe today!

WARRIORS & PANDAS AGAIN THE SAINTS' PRINCIPAL RIVALS

German Boxing Leaders Launch Campaign To Save Ring Fatalities

By HANS SCHOEFER

Frankfurt.
German amateur boxing leaders have launched an all-out campaign to put an end to "death in the ring."
The latest fatal accident in a German amateur boxing ring took place on July 21 at Constance when Bantam-weight Ferdinand May, 26, died of a cerebral haemorrhage after a bout with Heinz Amrein of Stuttgart.

In post-war years, amateur boxing has blighted the lives of at least seven young men.
The situation was fairly critical in 1940 when four amateur boxers fell victim to the "noble art of self-defence." The "death in the ring" problem became an even more hotly-discussed topic among the nation's sporting circles.
There were even suggestions for a total ban on amateur boxing. But suggestions to this effect have never left the discussion stage.

A few years back the man responsible for the country's amateur pugilistic sport introduced new rules in a determined effort to make the sport as safe as possible.
Among others, these regulations stipulated that a boxer suffering a KO is barred from competition for some time. Moreover, trainers were examined at intervals to make sure that only experienced coaches could teach young men the basic know-how in the sport.

MORTALITY RATE

As all this has failed to cut down the mortality rate to zero, German boxing leaders have mapped new and detailed plans to cope with the problem.
These new regulations, which will come into effect on October 1 and which were worked out in co-operation with prominent ring physicians and former boxers, are especially aimed at physical over-training which might have been one of the causes for the post-war "death in the ring" series.
The new rules for amateurs are as follows:

1. Every boxer wanting to make his first official competitive start must undergo a six-month period. This is to guarantee that he possesses the basic know-how in the sport.
2. Every boxer qualifying for the semi-finals will be barred from competition for two weeks.
3. Any boxer who takes unusually heavy punishment in a bout or who goes down in the canvas several times in a row will not be permitted to box for some time.
4. The various provincial associations are authorised to have boxers undergo physical check-ups by specialists and also are authorised to withdraw a boxer's licence or suspend him indefinitely if his state of health is unsatisfactory.

RING PHYSICIAN

5. The ring physician has the right to stop a match if he feels that a boxer is in danger.
6. Clubs are ordered to submit to the respective provincial association, the licences of those boxers who had either been involved in an accident or who had been suffering from an illness. The licences will only be returned if a ring physician has proclaimed the boxer fit again.
7. The bell will no longer save a boxer from a KO defeat. All referees are instructed to continue counting even after the bell rings.

Experts were of the opinion that these new regulations should considerably help to take away much of the danger from the sport.—United Press.



London Express Service

JACK DEMPSEY SAYS

There's More Interest In Boxing Now Than There Ever Was

By JACK CUDDY

New York.

"The time has come for a great change," said Jack Dempsey, "If we are to put sports back on a high level—particularly boxing."

"Pay-television," replied the Manassa Mauler. "We've got to have it as soon as possible to stop the decline in professional boxing and organised baseball, at least."

Had the 62-year-old ex-champ purchased stock recently in some pay-TV outfit?

"Nope, not a share," he answered. "I'm merely being honest about a situation. I'm speaking frankly, perhaps too frankly, because I've got many good friends in Commercial Television and Commercial TV has been very good to me."

His comments on Pay-TV were an outgrowth of a round table discussion in his Broadway restaurant about the fact that tickets had gone on sale today for the Sugar Ray Robinson-Carmen Basilio fight at Yankee Stadium this month.

"The gate for that fight will go over a million," Jack said. "And that doesn't include theatre-TV. I know I'll go over a million because the American public is always willing to pay for the best, and that's the best fight offered in a long time."

Was there enough interest left in boxing to provide a million dollar gate? Didn't Dempsey know the leather-tossing sport was on its last legs?

MORE INTEREST

"There's more interest in boxing now than there ever was," he said. "I'll give home television credit for creating tremendous interest. Years of home-TV bouts—some good, many bad—have whetted the public's appetite for something super, like Robinson and Basilio."

But while Home TV had been whetting that appetite, it ironically had been cutting off the supply of talent to satisfy the appetite, Jack said. By providing free home fights, two or three times a week for years, it had closed most of the country's small clubs, where talent could be developed. And it had put the small-time promoters out of business.

Almost the same thing has happened in baseball," he continued. "Home televising of Major League games throughout minor league territory as well as Major League areas has closed a flock of minor clubs and cut down attendance at some major clubs, like the Giants and Dodgers."

Under the circumstances, he said, it seemed that business "is taking advantage of sports" and it's time for a change.

He concluded, "And there's no question in my mind that 99 out of 100 boxing fans would rather pay a dime or a quarter to see a whole good fight show, including preliminaries—without commercials—than to see one probably mediocre main event free with commercials."

"It would not be profitable to run Pay-TV fights more than once a week, or once every two weeks. Fighters on the shows would be highly paid. And meanwhile, the small clubs could open again without trying to buck Home-TV."

THE THIRD TIME

A 10-round middleweight fight scheduled for Sept. 18 at Convention Hall will bring together for the third time Ed Turner of Philadelphia and Yama Hahama of Bimini, B.W.I.

The bout, which is being held during the American Legion Convention, is promoted jointly by Herman Taylor of Philadelphia and local promoter Al Seifer.

The two middleweights met at New York's Madison Square Garden in June, 1955 when Hahama won. Turner won a decision in the second meeting at Miami Beach, Florida, last February 5.—United Press.

New Softball Season Opens Tomorrow

By "TIME OUT"

The sound of hickory on horsehide will be heard once again when the familiar cry of "Play Ball" echoes across the diamond at King's Park and yet another season of softball opens tomorrow.

Contrary to quite a few expectations, the sport of softball is still very much with us and this 1957/58 season sees a resurgence of interest by participants as 17 men's teams, seven in the Seniors and 10 in the Juniors, vie for supremacy in what should be an exciting season.

The ladies' action, however, presents a very dismal picture, as only four teams are expected to enter and unless more support is forthcoming this league promises to be a repetition of last year's fiasco when only two teams monotonously contested a four-games series before empty stands.

MEAN BUSINESS

In the Men's Senior League the mighty Saints obviously mean business since Manager "Bimbi" Abing has signed up such stalwarts as the 1956/57 batting champion, L.C. Poon, flashy centrefielder P.H. Lee, slow-baller P.C. Wong and the redoubtable Meme Xavier.

This array of talent, plus the old veteran of Dave Leonard, the Island's bowling champion, is still very much undecided as to which team he will sign up for. No matter whom he favours, he will have represented practically every Senior League team in recent years excepting the Whooos. His decision is being awaited with much interest by local softballers.

JUNIOR LEAGUE

In the minor circuit all indications point to a runaway season for last year's Junior League Champions, the "Semisles." Manager Ed Carvalho has been able to muster a star-studded outfit which boasts such stalwarts as all-rounder Baker Hussain, shortstop Klondike Wong, slugging outfielder Robert Graca and a versatile recruit from Taiwan, Lo Pak-hung, who does everything but pitch. The Champions have steadily improved both at the plate and in the field and confidently expect to trample all over the opposition from the rest of the League.

Their nearest rivals, the Cheyennes, last year's runners-up, will be going all out to lower the Semisles' colours and Manager Robert Remedios has obtained the signatures of newcomers "Cigar" Sequera, Gerry Noronha, Alvaro Alonso and ex-Semisles Antonio Ribeiro.

Excepting for Ribeiro, the new recruits have been away from softball for quite a while and it remains to be seen whether their style of play will fit in with the Cheyenne pattern. The side's leading is somewhat weak, but this is made up for by a lot of power with the bat. Manager Fred Diesta of the P.I. Dodgers is to be commended for his foresight in building up his juniors from beginners who picked up bat and ball only lately. They impressed in recent practice matches, but the lack of a suitable hurler stands out like a sore thumb.

Given a pitcher of just average ability, the Dodgers should finish among the top three with ease. Practically the same situation prevails with Sheridan.

FIRST TIME

Fred Diesta's P.I. Dodgers, Senior "B" Champions last year,

Hamet's Comets, but Hamet, however, can still rely on the steadiness of Reggie Hamet and two or three of last year's Senior "B" side.

Hamet has also devoted much time to his eager beavers, whose leading borders on the mediocre, but he can derive some measure of satisfaction in his boys' lusty batting. Definitely a team not to be treated too lightly, since superior batting power has more than once carried a poor defensive side to victory.

Popular Dave Cooper has once again managed to round up a team of British servicemen, the "Austers." This team only needs the services of an experienced and patient coach to make it a force to be reckoned with in the Junior League as the soldiers have the potential of a very promising team.

No definite information is to hand regarding the composition of the Hongkong University nine. To my knowledge, in three years of active participation the intellectuals have never won a game but it speaks volumes for sportsmanship that they never fail to turn up.

They will probably field the same side that did service last year and the switch to a lower division (they were always in the Senior "B") may find them more at home.

Nothing is known of the calibre of the last four teams, South China, St. Wesley's, Wah Yings and War Eagles. These are the dark horses whose performances may surprise some of the other teams who make the mistake of casually regarding the opposition as being more of nuisances than anything else. Spectators can expect to see a high standard of competition in the minor division as, sacrificing all the frills and show-manship of their so-called "older brothers," the youngsters throw themselves into the thick of the fight for the honour of being named the champions for 1957/58.

Answers To Sports Quiz

1. Juan Pizarro, Ferenc Puskas, Pascual Perez, Darlene Hard.
2. Germany.
3. Michael Colin Cowdrey.
4. Cricket, rugby union, athletics, soccer.
5. Three-year-olds.
6. (a) Ice-hockey (b) lawn tennis.
7. Jersey Joe Walcott.
8. Athens, 1896.
9. Budweiser and Gardner Mulloy.
10. Mulloy Locke, Peter May, Tony Trabert.

National
TRANSISTOR RADIOS

UB-160
7 TRANSISTORS
H.K.\$284 including leather bag and earphone.
Four flashlight batteries last 1,000 hours operation.

UB-150
4 TRANSISTORS
H.K.\$228
Including leather bag and earphone.
(Four pen-light batteries)

AUTHORISED DISTRIBUTORS:

HONG KONG
Chung Yuen Electrical Co.
Che Ming Radio & Electric
Hop Fat Electric Co., Ltd.
Ming Fung Hong Co., Ltd.
Pacific Radio Co.
The China Radio Co.
Wong's Radio & Electric
Yiu Ming (Hing Kee)

KOWLOON
Amusement Radio & Electric Co.
China Radio & Electric Co.
Ming Wah Electric Co.
Roxey Radio & Electric Co.
Tai Lin Radio Service
Yeung Kwong Radio Co.

MACAO
Kwong Hing Hong

Sole Agents:
SHUN HING CO.
603 WING ON LIFE BLDG. TELEPHONE 29401

Hear again with
RIONET HEARING-AID
MODEL H530
HK\$320

SOME OF THE FINE FEATURES
Three transistors. Battery consumption as low as 1/20 of a sub-miniature hearing aid.
Built-in telephone coil enables you to hear a telephone talk. With a jack plug for RION RADIO TUNER model RT-1, this instrument becomes a kind of portable radio.
As small as a match box with an elegant casing and clip.

SHUN HING CO.
603 Wing On Life Bldg. Telephone 29401

NAMESAKES

INSTRUCTIONS: Fill in the spaces against each of the clues below with a word related to my life. The letters in circles spell out my name. Who am I?

1 Red this
2 Turn
3 Whaling islands
4 This meal
5 Albert one?
6 South American country
7 Study of power
8 Administration

BE SPECIFIC

CATHAY PACIFIC

Solution on Back Page

THE GAMBOLS by Barry Appleby

Time on your hands...

RADO
SWISS MADE

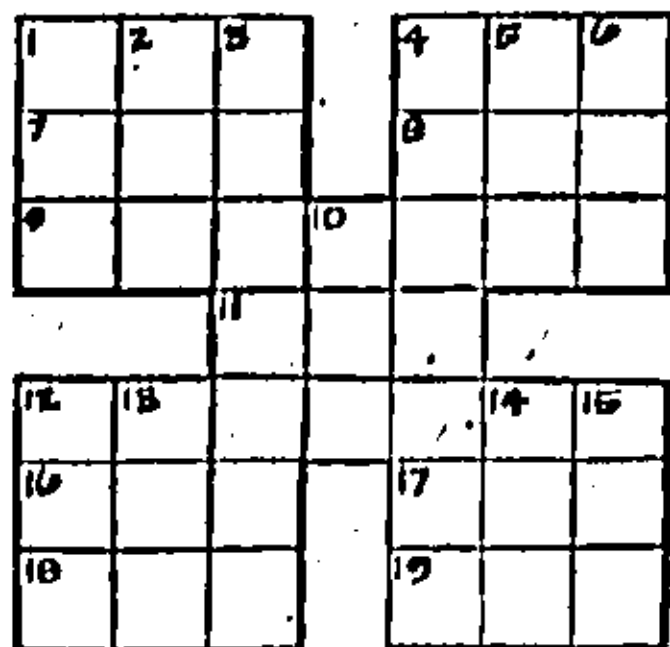
I always bake a better cake
says Mr. Thorm

★ ★ ★

FEATURES FOR BOYS AND GIRLS ★ ★ ★

YOUR PUZZLE CORNER

CROSSWORD



ACROSS

- 1 Aged
- 2 Recent
- 7 Born
- 8 Before
- 9 Least hard
- 11 Conclusion
- 12 Ships' clerks
- 13 Hops' kin
- 17 Narrow inlet
- 18 Dance step
- 19 Foreign agent

DOWN

- 1 First number
- 2 Meadow
- 3 Arid regions
- 4 Those who require
- 5 Blister vetch
- 6 Damp
- 10 Insurance (ab.)
- 12 Father (coll.)
- 13 Free nation (ab.)
- 14 Tear
- 15 Give voice to

SOUND ALIKES

Missing words in the Puzzleman's sentence sound alike, but they are spelled differently. Can you finish the sentence? Did you — the sunset over the western —?

TRIANGLE

The Puzzleman has based his word triangle on a TEMPEST. The second word is Scottish for "eye"; third is "an upper limb"; fourth, "a snare"; fifth, "set up"; and sixth, "rubs out." You should be able to complete the triangle from these clues:

T
E
M
P
E
S
T

WORD CHAIN

Can you change a STEP into a LEAP in just five moves? You can only change one letter at a time and the new word on each change must be a good word. If you need help, try changing the T to E; P to S; second E to A; first S to L; then S to P.

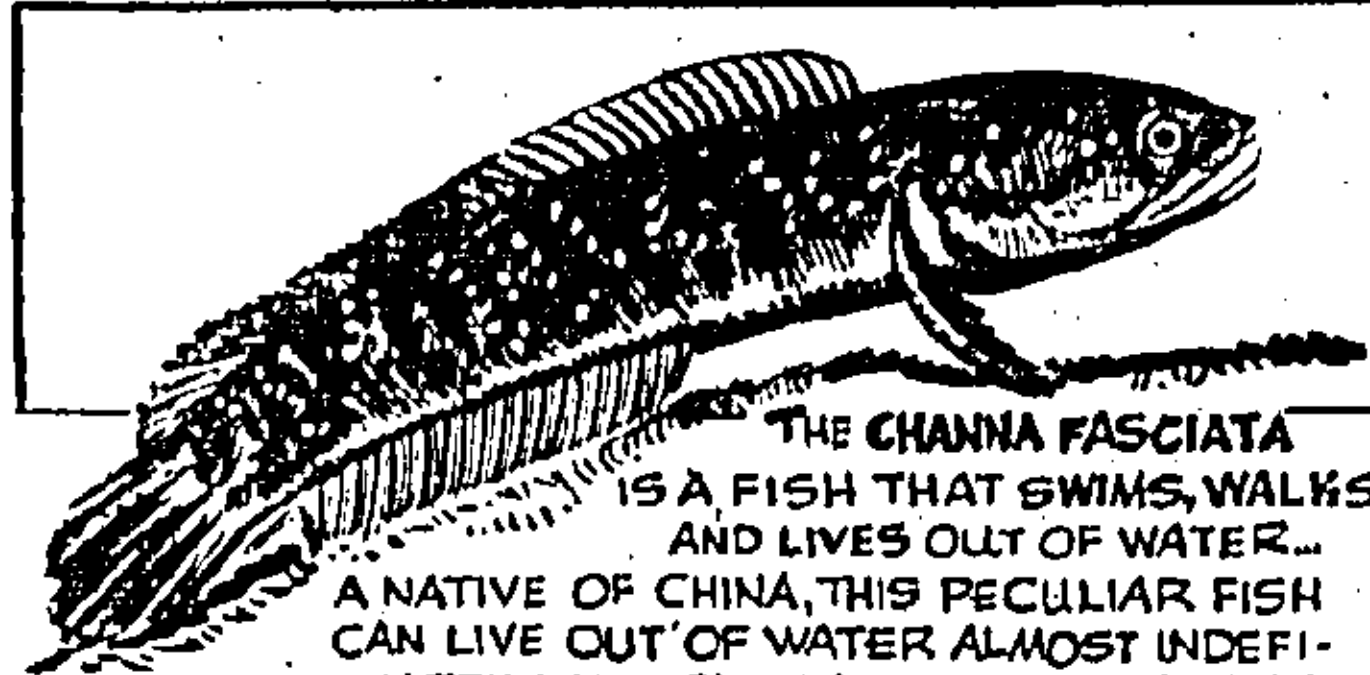
WORD SQUARE

Rearrange the letters in each row to form a good word and then rearrange the rows so they will read the same down as across. The Puzzleman says your solution should come out to "an antic", "an aromatic plant", "one of Columbus' boats", "natural fat", and "erects." Do these clues help you?

A	I	N	P	T
E	E	R	S	T
A	E	R	R	S
A	E	C	P	R
A	E	I	N	S

(Solutions on Page 19)

LOOK WHO



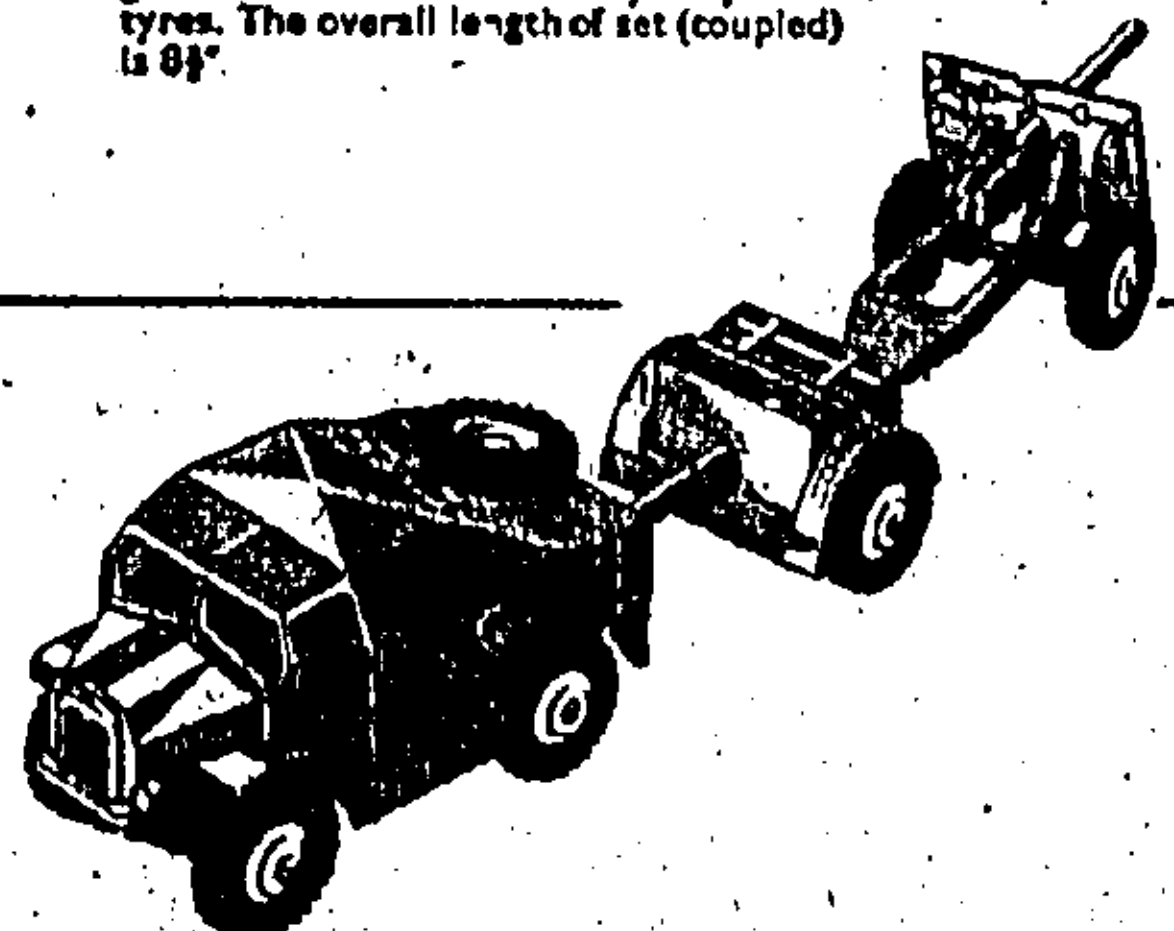
THE CHANINA FASCIATA IS A FISH THAT SWIMS, WALKS AND LIVES OUT OF WATER... A NATIVE OF CHINA, THIS PECULIAR FISH CAN LIVE OUT OF WATER ALMOST INDEFINITELY AND CAN WALK ON ITS NARROW PECTORAL AND ANAL FINS... FOR ITS SIZE (ABOUT THAT OF A CHICKEN), THE MIWI LAYS ONE OF THE LARGEST EGGS KNOWN, ONE POUND.

New this month!

DINKY TOYS No. 677

25-POUNDER FIELD GUN SET

This excellent set, which will provide hours of fascinating play, consists of a 25-Pounder Field Gun (No. 686), a finely detailed miniature of a British Army medium artillery piece, a Trailer (No. 687) and a Field Artillery Tractor with driver (No. 688). These components can be coupled together so that they can be moved as a unit to the position where the gun is to go into action. Each piece is finished in service green and fitted with heavy-duty rubber tyres. The overall length of set (coupled) is 89".



Keep on collecting
DINKY TOYS

Young Folks Find Cave Art

YOUNG boys and girls and even a dog have been responsible for discovering some of the world's renowned cave art museums. They have brought to life the proof that earliest mankind possessed the gift of talented artistry.

The Lascaux Caves in central France are known as the underground Louvre. Here over 400 murals of animals and early man were found on walls and ceilings. They were painted by primitive men 15,000 to 30,000 years ago, and perfectly preserved.

And this marvellous cave might never have been discovered if it hadn't been for a small dog's curiosity. One September day in 1940, Robert, the dog, accompanied four teen-age boys on a hunting trip. After awhile, the boys whistled for their dog but he did not respond. He had disappeared.

Underground

Searching, the boys found him in a well-like hole, and with difficulty they rescued him.

Returning later with lanterns, ropes and picks, the young adventurers descended into the hole and explored a long underground passage. They finally came to a large cave. The limestone walls reflected the light from their lanterns.

To their astonishment, eyes popping in almost unbelief, they saw on the walls and ceiling the paintings of wild horses, ibex, bison, and bulls of life-size.

They hurried to tell their discovery to their teacher, Monsieur Leon Lavail, who accompanied the boys on their next trip into the cave. Later, scientists and archaeologists examined the paintings and declared them to be the work of Cro-Magnon race of ancient men.

Because of the cool and even temperature in the cave, and because these early artists knew how to mix their paints, these 400 murals retained their original colours through the centuries.

In some pictures were marks. Authorities think they were from arrows shot into them—perhaps in a ceremony bringing good luck to the hunters.

BRINDA HELPS MAKE GREY DAY MILK

BRINDA was a fairy who liked to help people in trouble. So naturally she wanted to help Farmer Black, who had had a great deal of trouble.

First a tractor accident had put him in the hospital. The next day little Davy had fallen out of a tree and broken an arm. And last Mrs Black, who had taken care of the farm while Mr Black was in the hospital, had suffered a breakdown from overwork and worry.

All were well now, but Mr Black worried about hospital and doctor bills. "If only I could sell grey day milk," Brinda overheard him say, "I could get out of debt sooner."

Brinda had never heard of grey day milk before. A grey day, of course, was a cloudy day, so grey day milk must be milk produced on a cloudy day. But why should that bring a better price? Brinda wondered.

She would have asked Mr Black but he couldn't hear her. For although fairies can hear people talk, people can't hear fairies. Anyway, most people can't.

Well, if grey day milk brought a better price, Brinda would see to it that there were plenty of grey days. She flew hundreds of miles in every direction hunting for clouds and begging them to come back with her.

More and more clouds came and hovered over the land, and where clouds are, there is often rain. The farmers were glad because there had been a long dry spell.

But when the clouds and rain continued for weeks the people became a little weary of it. The clouds wanted to move on but Brinda begged them to stay.

"If you go, Farmer Black can't keep on selling grey day milk," she pleaded.



This reindeer, painted on rock in a cave in Dordogne, France, was created thousands of years ago by a fine primitive artist.

France has many caves, but Lascaux Cave is the art museum which all tourists marvel over. The four school boys are the proud discoverers and their names go down in history: Marcel Ravidat, Jacques Marshall, Georges Agnel, and Simon Coenens—and their little dog, Robert.

Little Maria Discovers Mural

LONG AGO, in 1879, a little Spanish girl, Maria de Sautuola, begged her daddy to let her accompany him into the Altamira Cave in northern Spain. Marcelino de Sautuola was a lawyer, but his hobby was hunting bones and relics in ancient caves. On this particular trip, he consented to take his daughter.

Maria was enchanted as she watched her father dig up old relics for his collection. Sitting there, she thought that maybe plants or viches or gnomes inhabited this eerie place.

Then suddenly she cried, "Daddy, look at the animals." Knowing about his child's imagination, he answered patiently, "Yes my pet, you see animals now."

Insisting that her father bring his light closer, she proved that there on the walls and ceiling were pictures of mammoths, wild boars, stags, and goats. It was a mural 40 feet long.

The excited lawyer sketched these pictures and took them to

the authorities, telling of their discovery in the cave. They thought it was just his imagination.

Sixteen years later, the Duke of Alba explored this same cave and gave credit to de Sautuola for his discovery. So the first underground paintings by primitive man were discovered by little Maria de Sautuola long ago.

The Stone Man: Our First Artist

ANOTHER ART gallery was found in 1912, in the Tuc D'Audoubert Cave near Toulouse, France, by Count Begouen—and his three venturesome high-school sons.

Huge Tankers Grow Even Bigger



Tankers can refuel other vessels at sea, even in rough waters.

To meet the ever-increasing demand for gasoline and other petroleum products, long-bodied tankships criss-cross the high seas in constantly growing numbers. Not only the billion-dollar oil companies of Europe and America have to have them, but every sizable navy of the world must own a few to supply their needs.

These giant ships have streamlined hulls nearly 100 feet wide and from 500 to 800 feet long.

If you have ever counted 100 oil-tank cars in one long freight train, you will have some idea of the capacity of one of these ships. They can take on not just one such train-load, but 10 to 20, depending on the gross tonnage of the boat.

Each of these ships costs from \$9 to \$8 million dollars. And the big oil companies are even now building bigger and better ones costing twice these figures.

The bigger the boat, the greater the saving in labour and shipping costs. Properly handled, each boat will return many times the millions that it cost, before it is sold for scrap.

A tanker is not one huge hollow shell. It is a honeycomb of tanks, with the engine and boiler room in the stern and living quarters and pilot house above deck amidship.

Even the crude petroleum has to be shipped this way. Otherwise the heavy liquid, slopping around inside, would make the vessel unmanageable.

One ship may hold in its numerous tanks such varied products as different grades of gasoline and lubricating oil, diesel and stove oil, paint thinner, solvent in addition to packaged goods in boxes or steel barrels are stored in the open

One day these boys, Max, Jacques and Louis, explored this cave with their father in a boat they had built. It could be approached only by an underground river.

On and on they poked, their lantern light revealing the glistening stalactites and stalagmites, until the cave widened out. Many passages branched out from here.

Leaving their boat, the boys followed a narrow pathway crawling and squinting through a very small opening. Casting their light about they found, to their astonishment, that they were in an art gallery.

The father tried to follow his sons. Since he was so much larger and the opening so small, he had difficulty. But the boys chipped away some stone and finally managed to pull him through. He was scratched and most of his clothes were torn off in the struggle. But it was worth the effort.

These explorers exclaimed in surprise at the sight before them. They saw statues of bison in relief all about the walls of the cave.

Later, scientists proved from limestone accumulated on parts of these statues that they were the work of the Stone Man and were the oldest art of its kind ever found.

In honour of these daring young adventurers, this place was called The Cave of the Three Brothers, and their names are respected in the annals of cave history. Because of the adventures of these young people, the world has a better knowledge of ancient mankind. And many more caves are yet to be discovered.

—G. BRUNSON

FOR SUCCESS WITH PEOPLE

Conquer Your Social Weakness

FIVE main social weaknesses of today's teenagers are bashfulness, inferiority complex, hypersensitivity (easily offended), jealousy, over-cautiousness.

★ ★ ★

1. Are you bashful?

This trait shows you don't trust yourself. You're afraid the other person will discover what you're thinking.

The cure for this attitude is "go what?" Let the other person learn your thoughts, or else stop thinking the kind of thoughts you're ashamed to have others discover.

★ ★ ★

2. Do you have inferiority feelings all the time?

If so, your emotions are diseased. Your estimate of yourself, of your value, is unbalanced. You refuse to accept yourself as you really are; you persist in secretly feeling ashamed of yourself. The cure for this attitude is simple. Keep doing things. And don't ever underestimate the value of the things you do, or the value of their results.

★ ★ ★

3. Are you easily offended?

If you are, there's a secret feeling of guilt hidden some

where inside you. But unless you search faithfully, with deep sincerity, you may be unable to find it. However, it's there.

Even if you can't quite discover what makes you feel guilty inside, just knowing that you must be guilty of some unknown wrong, just wanting sincerely to correct it, if you only know how—this penitent mood alone will make you less hyper-sensitive to unintended offences.

★ ★ ★

4. Are you jealous?

Jealousy is an outward recognition of inward inferiority.

Don't not waste time feeling sorry for yourself. Use that otherwise-wasted energy to learn how the person you envy gets, or got, what you want.

★ ★ ★

5. Are you excessively scrupulous or overcautious?

Watch out. You don't trust yourself. Why? Because you're secretly afraid you'll do something dishonest. Why? Because there's a dishonest intention hidden somewhere in the back of your mind. Finding this personal failing and then dragging it out into the open will not be an easy matter. In fact, you're quite liable to think it's this article that is cockeyed, not yourself.

—MANUEL ALMADA

Merlin Guides A Tour

—Knarf and His Friends Visit Merrie England—

By MAX TRELL

KNARF, the Shadow Boy with the turned-about name, looked up from the book he was reading to see his friend Teddy, the Stuffed Boy, waddling over toward him. Teddy was carrying a big valise.

"Teddy," said Knarf, "where are you going?"

"Well," said Teddy as he sat down on the valise (it was very heavy), "I'm supposed to meet Hiawatha here in a few minutes. He said he'd tell me where we were going."

Preferred A Wigwam

At that moment, Hiawatha came out from behind the curtain at the other end of the room. Being a Wooden Indian Boy, Hiawatha preferred living in a wigwam. The curtain served him as a sort of wigwam though it really wasn't as good as a real wigwam.

"How!" said Hiawatha, as he greeted Teddy and Knarf. "How?" means "Hello" in Indian language.

"How!" said Knarf. Teddy said: "How! Where are we going, Hi?"

Knarf now noticed that Hiawatha was carrying a pack over his back containing all his belongings. He also carried a quiver filled with arrows. His bow was slung across his shoulders.

"I guess we take long trip," said Hiawatha.

"But where?" said Teddy eagerly.

"We go across Big Water," said Hiawatha.

He Envied Them

"Which big water?" asked Knarf, who was curious to know where his two friends were intending to go. He was beginning to envy them. He felt he wanted to go too.

Hiawatha explained that he wasn't sure which big water they were to cross. "Mr Merlin coming here in a few minutes. He will tell us," said Hiawatha.



"Where are you going, Teddy?" Knarf asked.

Hardly had Hiawatha finished when there were footsteps from behind the bookcase. Out came Mr Merlin, the Magnificent Magician.

Knarf looked at the Magnificent Magician in astonishment, for he was carrying a satchel in one hand, a big hat box in the other hand, two duflie bags under each arm, an enormous trunk on his head and a canary cage, with a canary in it, balanced on top of his trunk.

"Are we ready to go?" he said.

"I'm ready," said Teddy.

"Me ready too," said Hiawatha.

"How," said Mr Merlin, looking at Knarf, "aren't you coming?"

"I'd like to," said Knarf.

"But nobody asks me."

"Consider yourself asked," said Mr Merlin. "We're leaving in three minutes."

"Where are we going?" asked Knarf.

"To England," said Mr Merlin, "across the Atlantic Ocean."

"You see!" said Hiawatha.

"That's the Big Water!"

"But I haven't got time to pack," said Knarf.

Uttered Magic Words

Mr Merlin, the Magnificent Magician, uttered a few magic words and Knarf found himself holding a valise packed with clothes while on his back was a knapsack filled with fruit and sandwiches.

It was wonderful travelling with a magician as magnificent as Mr Merlin. He put the trunk down in the middle of the room and sat down on top of the lid. Knarf, Teddy and Hiawatha all climbed on the lid beside him. Then Mr Merlin put the canary out of its cage. Instantly, the canary turned into an airplane. The next second, they were flying across the Atlantic Ocean.

They landed at the London Airport. They spent the rest of the day in London. They saw a wonderful church called St Paul's and another called Westminster Abbey. They saw the Houses of Parliament, the changing of the guards in front of Buckingham Palace where the Queen lived. Big Ben and the Peter Pan statue in Kensington Gardens.

Then they flew home.

"Well, come here again," said Mr Merlin. "London is only one of the cities in Merrie England."

Rupert and the Fiddle—21



The two pals are as excited as what they have seen that they almost forget their worry at being seen and they are too frightened as the big giant men can quite easily. Down a steep hill they go and up through the forest until they reach a bridge spanning a gorge beneath the castle walls. A little more climbing and they all descend on the other side, where a young cavalier awaits them. He discovered the little but of a trust there was no sign of the soldier. "Wherefore have you brought the fiddlers here held in captivity?"

